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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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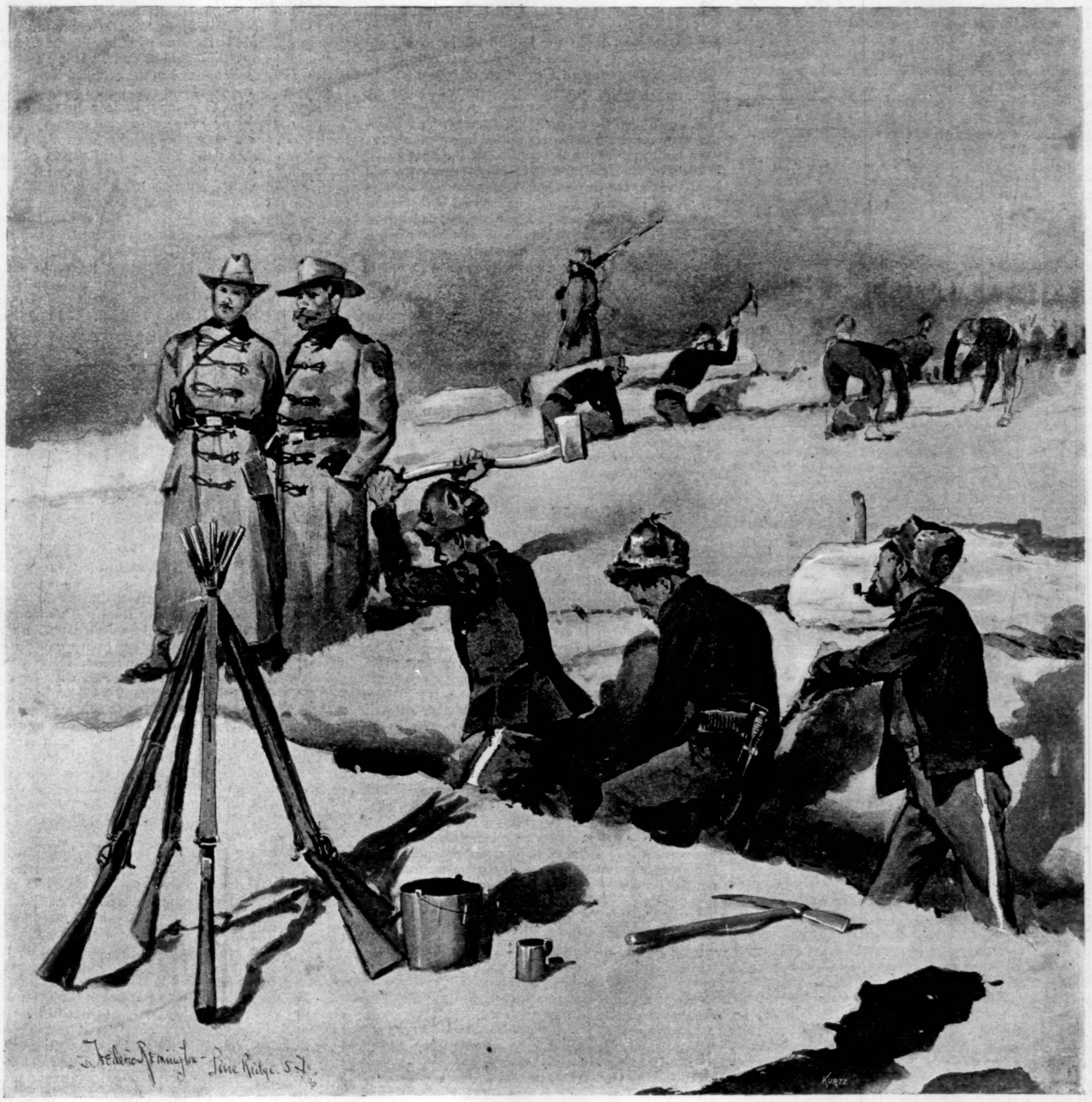
Frederic Remington – Pine Ridge. S.D. 90
KURTZ

IN THE TRENCHES AT PINE RIDGE.—From a Sketch taken on the Spot.

THE SIOUX OUTBREAK IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

We discussed the vague reports of the Wounded Knee fight in the upper camps of the cordon, and old hands said it could be no ordinary affair because of the large casualty. Two days after I rode into the Pine Ridge Agency, very hungry and nearly frozen to death, having ridden with Captain Baldwin, of the staff, and a Mr. Miller all night long. I had to look after a poor horse, and see that he was groomed and fed, which require considerable tact and "hustling" in a busy camp. Then came my breakfast. That struck me as a serious matter at the time. There were wagons and soldiers—the burial party going to the Wounded Knee to do its solemn duty. I wanted to go very much. I stopped to think: in short, I hesitated, and of course was "lost," for after breakfast they had gone. Why did I not follow them? Well, my natural prudence had been considerably strengthened a few days previously by a half-hour's interview with six painted Brulé Sioux, who seemed to be in command of the situation. To briefly end the matter, the burial party was fired on, and my confidence in my own good judgment was vindicated to my own satisfaction.

I rode over to the camp of the Seventh United States Cavalry, and met all the officers, both wounded and well, and a great many of the men. They told me their stories in that inimitable way which is studied art with warriors. To appreciate brevity you must go to a soldier. He shrugs his shoulders, and points to the bridge of his nose, which has had a piece cut out by a bullet, and says, "Rather close, but don't amount to much." An inch more, and some youngster would have had his promotion.

I shall not here tell the story of the Seventh Cavalry fight with Big Foot's band of Sioux on the Wounded Knee; that has been done in the daily papers; but I will recount some small-talk current in the Sibley tepees, or the "white man's war tents," as the Indians call them.

Lying on his back, with a bullet through the body, Lieutenant Mann grew stern when he got to the critical point in his story. "I saw three or four young bucks drop their blankets, and I saw that they were armed. 'Be ready to fire, men; there is trouble.' There was an instant, and then we heard sounds of firing in the centre of the Indians. 'Fire!' I shouted, and we poured it into them."

"Oh yes, Mann, but the trouble began when the old medicine-man threw the dust in the air. That is the old Indian signal of 'defiance,' and no sooner had he done that act than those bucks stripped and went into action. Just before that some one told me that if we didn't stop that old man's

(*Continued on page 61.*)

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
FOR FEBRUARY.

THIS number excels in the variety and value of its illustrated articles. The frontispiece is a portrait of **Edwin Booth**, engraved from Sargent's painting at the Players' Club. **A novel and entertaining feature** of the Number is the collection of twelve original drawings (now published for the first time) by **W. M. Thackeray**, illustrating the **"Heroic Adventures of M. Boudin,"** with comment by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Two important papers, with numerous illustrations, appear on **Finland.** Charles Dudley Warner contributes an illustrated article entitled **"The Heart of the Desert,"** describing the valley of the Yosemite, the great desert of New Mexico, and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. A voyage in southern latitudes through **"Smyth's Channel and the Strait of Magellan"** is the subject of an entertaining illustrated paper by Theodore Child. Bishop Hurst contributes a paper on **"English Writers in India"**; L. E. Chittenden an interesting chapter of reminiscences entitled **"The Faith of President Lincoln"**; and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson a paper on **"'Personal Intelligence' Fifty Years Ago."** The fiction includes the second part of Charles Egbert Craddock's **"In the 'Stranger People's' Country,"** and short stories by Edward Everett Hale and Geraldine Bonner. The number is rich in poetry, and the Editorial Departments maintain their usual standard of variety and literary excellence.

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No. 1779.

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GREAT BRITAIN IN COURT.

THE new aspect of the Behring Sea controversy is extremely interesting. The owner of one of the British sealers which have been seized by our vessels of war has petitioned the Supreme Court of the United States for a writ of prohibition to annul the judgment of the Alaskan District Court. This is a usual method of seeking redress in such cases. But the petition is accompanied by a very unusual statement from the Attorney-General of Canada, that the action is taken with the knowledge and approval of the imperial government of Great Britain. This announcement in no manner affects the appeal of the claimant, but it is extraordinary because it is equivalent to a statement that the British government regards with favor a submission to the Supreme Court of the United States of the essential question involved in the pending diplomatic negotiation between the governments. That question is the jurisdiction of the United States in the Behring Sea. If the petition of the owner be usual and regular, the fact that the British government is aware of it and assents to it would not, of course, invalidate the proceeding. Thus, if the Court should permit, the whole question of our national authority in the Behring Sea would be opened upon its merits, and the opinion of the Court would be the declaration of our highest judicial tribunal upon the international question at issue.

One of the newspaper gentlemen whose duty it is to "write up" promising subjects says that Secretary BLAINE smiled "a deep and meaning smile" when approached by the reporter, and the gentleman intimates that the Secretary will transmit an emphatic despatch to our Minister in London. Under the circumstances, however, all rumors as to the conduct of our State Department or of the British Foreign Office must be received with great scepticism. As the intimation of the knowledge and approval of the British government in the matter of the application was wholly unnecessary, and in the strict sense impertinent to the proceedings, it is susceptible of various interpretations, which the Secretary of State may point out. One such interpretation is worth considering. Lord SALISBURY and Mr. BLAINE had reached a point of practical agreement. They both felt the absurdity of an armed settlement of the dispute, and had each substantially agreed to arbitration. Now Lord SALISBURY might say to us, What possible arbitration can be so satisfactory to you as your own highest tribunal? If Great Britain be willing to submit a difference of so great importance to the opinion of American judges, whose character and ability and special qualifications command its respect and confidence, ought the United States to object? If Great Britain will willingly ask the opinion of American jurists upon a question of interpretation of treaty rights, even reserving its own ultimate action, will the United States refuse?

If the United States government, *mutatis mutandis*, upon a case regularly submitted in course of law, were willing to invite the opinion of the Lord Chief Justice of England, the British government could hardly resent the suggestion. The expectation that a tempest of indignation would be aroused in this country by the fact that the British government had agreed to invite the opinion of the Supreme Court upon a long-standing diplomatic dispute would seem to imply a doubt of the correctness of our own view. The suggestion could not be regarded as an impudent attempt to set two branches of our government at loggerheads, unless it were assumed that there was some essential weakness in the position of the State Department. It is, of course, possible, and even probable, that under the circumstances the Supreme Court may decide that as the essential point at issue is now under consideration by a co-ordinate branch of the government, it will express no opinion. In such a decision the country, of course, would acquiesce. But undoubtedly it would be very glad to know the opinion of the Court upon the international question involved.

A LEAP IN THE DARK.

IN his late speech opposing the STEWART silver amendment, Mr. SHERMAN said that it was a proposition to change the standard of value in the country, and therefore a leap in the dark, and Mr. J. J. KNOX, ex-Comptroller of the Currency, in an admirable speech before the New York Chamber of Commerce, took the same view. The question of the currency is one of the utmost importance, as every intelligent man knows, and every such man also knows that probably neither he nor his neighbors know much about it. Public opinion is invoked, but there is really no public opinion, in a general sense, upon the subject. The "silver men" declare with great energy, in the words of Mr. STEWART, that the silver movement is rebellion against the tyranny of the tyrant gold king. "Look at the masses of Italy, with wages lower than at any time during the century, being robbed and plundered to satisfy the avarice of this gold king;" and "it is said that this tyrant will crush us if we rebel." This is not a very promising tone in which to discuss a wise financial policy, and the question in Congress arises under suspicious circumstances. The matter is pressed with all this excited rhetoric by representatives of States in which silver is one of the chief productions, a commodity to be disposed of. The Senators from the mining camps, or silver-producing States, are persistent and vociferous in the debate. But it is impossible not to ask whether, if these States had no local interest in silver, the gold standard would seem to them so savage a tyrant, and the monetary situation so appalling.

The speeches to which we have alluded were very tranquil and simple but very strong statements of certain familiar principles, the results of experience and sagacious observation. There is no intuitive knowledge of questions so recondite and complicated as those of public finance. There are no subjects of legislation upon which knowledge and experience should carry more authority than such questions. No public man in the country is more thoroughly fitted to hold and express opinions upon them than Mr. SHERMAN. To natural aptitude for such studies he adds the accurate training of responsible financial administration at a most important period, an administration which has placed him among the most eminent public financiers in our history. What he says in such debates as this upon silver is very well worthy of thoughtful attention, and when he states that the scheme now proposed "will create a greater financial difficulty in this country than any we have ever seen in our day and generation," the words are not rhetoric, they are the warning of knowledge and experience. Mr. KNOX is a recognized authority upon all questions of the currency, and he also speaks with the weight of large experience and careful study.

The present silver scheme is substantially the free coinage of silver. Should it become a law, whoever owns silver bullion could take it to the mint, and, at the present price of silver, receive a coined dollar or a legal-tender dollar for about eighty-one cents. Now this dollar, as Mr. SHERMAN says, "will only be accepted as an acquittance upon the gold standard at its market value." But its market value is constantly changing. It is an unstable and cheaper money. By a well-known law, or uniform observation, the poorer money will drive out the better money. The consequence will be a withdrawal from circulation and hoarding of the better money. Gold will be practically demonetized and the currency contracted. So much is the lesson of uniform experience. It may be that unforeseen forces would come into play. It may be, although nobody can say how, that trade could adjust itself without derangement to a changed standard of value, and that it could accommodate itself also to a constantly fluctuating standard. All that can be said is that the most intelligent experts do not know how this could be done. It is certainly contrary to experience and to the accepted conditions of prosperous and confident trade. To adopt such a measure, therefore, is strictly to leap in the dark. You may be very near the ground and reach it harmlessly. But you may also jump into an abyss and dash your brains out. The political aspect of the situation is not to be avoided. Congress and the Executive are both Republican. If a Republican Congress should send such a law to a Republican President, and he should approve it, the political party which has been supposed to be trustworthy upon the financial question would abdicate its trust. If the Republican President should veto it, he would withstand his party, and another of its titles to national confidence would disappear. If, however, the House should defeat it, the House would save the financial credit of the party.

THE BARRUNDIA CASE.

THE report of the shooting of General BARRUNDIA on board an American merchant vessel, the *Acapulco*, in the harbor of San José, Guatemala, last summer, was shocking to the public sentiment of this country. BARRUNDIA was a baffled revolutionist of Guatemala, on his way from Mexico to Panama, who did not propose to stop in Guatemala. But the *Acapulco*, bound to a port beyond Guatemala, put in to San José on her voyage, and was boarded by the Guatemalan authorities, who attempted to arrest BARRUNDIA, not as a criminal, but as a political offender. BARRUNDIA resisted, and in the affray was shot and killed by the Guatemalans. The American Minister acquiesced in the arrest, and at the same time the American armed ship *Ranger*, Commander REITER, lay in the harbor, and no demonstration was made from her. The Minister has been recalled, and on the 29th of September Commander REITER was detached from the command of the *Ranger*. On the 31st of December Secretary TRACY addressed a letter to him of the greatest severity, censuring him unqualifiedly, relieving him of his command, and ordering his return to the United States. Commander REITER replies that he discharged his whole duty upon the occasion, and as the Secretary's letter conveys a "severe public reprimand"—a punishment which can be inflicted legally only by the sentence of a naval general court-martial—he demands, as a right, a trial before a naval court.

The Secretary holds that the protection afforded to a political offender by the flag of the United States is so sacred that, as Commander REITER knew that BARRUNDIA was not a criminal trying to escape, nor a conspirator returning to incite revolution, but a passenger who beyond the local jurisdiction had acquired a place under the flag and protection of the United States, he should have gone to meet the *Acapulco* before she anchored in the harbor of San José, and have offered BARRUNDIA an asylum on the *Ranger*; or even after the *Acapulco* was in the port of San José, the Secretary says that REITER should have satisfied himself of the sufficiency of the charge against BARRUNDIA; and if of opinion that the warrant was insufficient, and the plea for arrest a mere pretence to seize a political refugee, then he should have offered him the hospitality of the *Ranger*. The sensitiveness of free nations to the sanctity of political asylum is very great. Lord PALMERSTON was forced to resign, if we remember correctly, by the popular suspicion that he intended to return to France men who, in attempting to kill LOUIS NAPOLEON, were said to have killed innocent persons.

But Secretary TRACY'S claim is extraordinary. It apparently assumes the right of a foreign naval officer in the harbor of New York to determine the validity of the local municipal authority over ships of his nation lying in port, and to that end to visit and search them, and to require the local authorities to satisfy him that they are within their right. The Secretary is a good lawyer, and he has undoubtedly grounds for asserting this extraordinary authority vested in the commanders of public armed ships in friendly ports, but he forbears to state them. He evidently has no doubt of the justice of his position, for he says that "few cases have ever occurred in the history of the United States navy where a commanding officer so completely abandoned the responsibilities of his position." This implies that there was really no question. But if a Russian man-of-war lay in the harbor of New York, and a Russian passenger steamer called upon her way from a South-American to a European port carrying an American against whom our local laws and officers had issued a warrant, should we permit the Russian captain to decide whether the warrant should be served? Does Russian law take precedence of ours on Russian vessels in the harbor of New York? The question is one of very great importance, and if the Secretary's view be correct, it is one in which other maritime countries will take profound interest as adding new principles to international law.

THE INDIAN WAR.

The Indian war which General Miles apprehended would be more important than any such war since Pontiac's, he has apparently successfully avoided. But his own plain speech, and the statements of those who are sincerely interested in the Indians and possessed of full knowledge, have produced a general and indignant impression throughout the country that our national conduct toward the Indians is utterly disgraceful, and that the Indian civil service is one of the worst illustrations of the infamous spoils system. This is the significance of the letter addressed to the President by the Board of Indian Commissioners, who say "that for many of the greatest evils of the Indian service a remedy can be found only by securing permanence in the service for capable, efficient, and honest men and women." The commissioners, therefore, in the name of "the most intelligent opinion of the wisest friends of the Indians throughout the country . . . strongly urge that the civil service rules and regulations be at this time extended over all that part of the Indian service which can be reached by executive action to that effect."

The Indian wrongs would have been avoided if public opinion could have been earlier interested in the Indians sufficiently to acquire detailed information. They are largely due to the folly of intrusting our Indian relations in great part to agents who are changed at the whim of politicians who have no knowledge of the Indian situation and no care for the Indians, and who rely upon the general public ignorance and indifference to permit without inquiry the frequent misconduct and outrage of our Indian management. Both the present and the last administrations were apprised of the situation and its necessities by intelligent and impartial witnesses, but they allowed the whole subject practically to drift. There have been, indeed, within a few years, a rapidly increasing interest in the question and larger knowledge of it, and public opinion has stimulated and approved remedial legislation. But the mere partisan pressure for spoils, of which every administration is in mortal terror, has largely succeeded in the usual way in the appointment of agents of all kinds and in the allotment of contracts. The cheating and starving and general mismanagement of inexperience have continued, and they promised to end again where they must always end—in blood and terrible suffering.

This is true according to the most authoritative evidence, although it may be also true, as the commissioners say, that "the Indian service is now in better condition than ever before." If it be so, it is because of late years there are some conscience, some fair play, some intelligence and common-sense introduced into it, and because the hopelessness and heartlessness have begun to yield to increasing knowledge of the facts. The Indian is often undoubtedly crafty and treacherous, and he is far from a romantic figure. But our offences are not condoned by sneering at the demand for common justice and humanity to him as sentimentality. Whatever the Indians may be, what have we shown ourselves to be during what Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, who had lived much among them and knew them, called a century of dishonor? It is an accusation of our sagacity and our character that after more than a century brave and accomplished soldiers like Wallace and Casey, who were themselves friendly to the Indians, should be the victims of Indian assaults. But what stimulated the assaults? Such sad catastrophes would not have happened if our general conduct had not taught the Indians to distrust us. The friends of heroes who may fall in the melancholy fights with Indians may at least have the poor consolation of knowing that at last there is a righteous public opinion which will hold administrations sternly to account for what are called Indian wars, as if the Indians were especially and culpably responsible for them.

IRISH "COMPROMISING."

The intimations that Mr. O'Brien would be easily moulded by Mr. Parnell seem to be confirmed by the feeling with which these negotiations have been regarded rather than by any actual knowledge concerning the interviews. Parnell, by his acknowledgment in the House of Commons that he had deliberately lied to affect its action, by his conduct in reference to the O'Shea affair, and by his performances since the break in the party, has "given his measure" pretty accurately. No honorable Englishman or Irishman can now readily trust him, and nothing is plainer than that "compromise" with him is useless. If he should remain the leader, directly or indirectly, there may be an Irish party, but while there may be bargains, there will be no English alliance.

In the desire not to break with a man who has already broken with them, the prominent Irish leaders seem unable to see that their course impresses the public with the conviction that they consider Parnell indispensable to their cause. If the spirit of Davitt had been that of the party, or of the anti-Parnell section, it would have been very much stronger than it is now. The situation demanded that the dismissal of Parnell by the election of McCarthy, and the signal defeat of his candidate at Kilkenny, should have been accepted as decisive. But O'Brien, and those who act with him, have succeeded only in persuading the public that they are unable to proceed without Parnell.

At present the game is entirely in his hands. His opponents do not yet see, apparently, that whatever his abilities and former services, he has practically betrayed the cause by insulting and outraging the English alliance. That was an offence which no brilliancy of previous service could condone. There was no more accomplished, heroic, and inspiring soldier in the Revolutionary army than Benedict Arnold. But when he betrayed the cause, all was properly forgotten except the betrayal. Parnell has not sold out to the English to oppose home-rule, but he has sacrificed the interests of home-rule to his own selfishness, and, as Davitt says, he has preferred himself to Ireland. That is not a leader with whom honorable compromise is possible.

QUAY'S ELECTION BILL.

The election bill introduced by Mr. Quay is a grim jest. His appearance as an apostle of pure elections and honest politics is merely comical. But his reported explanation of the bill is suggestive. His bill is substantially like the present one, but its last provision is this:

> "When it shall appear to the satisfaction of the President of the United States that in any locality the provisions of this law cannot otherwise be executed, it shall be his duty and he is hereby empowered to suspend there the writ of habeas corpus and to employ the armed forces of the United States, naval and military, for its enforcement."

The McKinley bill leaves the adjustment of customs taxes largely to the satisfaction of the President, and this is a proposal to leave the conduct of elections in his hands.

Mr. Quay, of course, means nothing of the kind. His bill is a satire upon Mr. Hoar's. If we are to have force, says Mr. Quay, let us have it plainly provided. "I do not think the bill will be called up," he is reported as saying, "but if it should be, here is a test of the sincerity of its supporters." The fact shows how discordant is the Republican majority upon such a measure. Even Mr. Hoar cannot think that it is heartily or unanimously supported or demanded by party sentiment. But we venture to think that he is greatly in error if he supposes this condition to arise from indifference to the rights of the colored citizens, or from ignorance of the vital importance of free and honest elections.

It is due to the fact that the peculiar difficulty in the Southern States at which the legislation is aimed cannot be relieved by legislation. The situation was well described by Senator Hawley fifteen years ago: "There is a social and educational and moral reconstruction of the South needed that will never come from any legislative halls, State or national; it must be the growth of time and education and Christianity." Since then this reconstruction has proceeded rapidly, and still proceeds, toward the end which all good citizens desire. It is utterly useless to revile those who believe with General Hawley, as recreant to liberty and justice and humanity, and to suppose that fidelity to those supreme objects is proved by supporting a bill which expresses a humane and patriotic emotion, but would be necessarily ineffective from causes which General Hawley suggests.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK BILL.

The lobby influences which surround Congress and State Legislatures are so omnipresent, insidious, and artful that honest legislation is constantly made to pay toll to all kinds of personal and corporate schemes in the form of riders and amendments which are made the conditions of passing the bills. This is illustrated in the case of the Yellowstone National Park bill. It has been passed by the Senate, and in the House has encountered an amendment, proposed by the Committee on Public Lands, which is undoubtedly due to the efforts of the agents of the Montana Mineral Railway Company.

This railway seeks an exclusive right to construct a road to some mines near the northern boundary of the park. The friends of the park, who desire that its character as a park shall be respected in the public interest, and in no private interest whatever, are willing to change the northern boundary by making the Yellowstone River the dividing line, and placing the railway wholly outside the park. The railway opposes, because it wishes to obtain the exclusive right to enter the park, and command not only access to the mines, but the enormous passenger traffic which would be diverted from other and rival roads now leading to the park.

The Mineral Railway asserts that it is these roads which oppose its amendment for special privilege. But it is not so; it is the intelligence of the friends of the park, who understand the truth of Professor Sargent's remark in a late article in *Garden and Forest* that it would be the beginning of the end. In the question of the preservation and proper care of a great natural park the counsel of acknowledged experts, of men who have all the information derived from experience and study, as well as a generous and patriotic public spirit in the maintenance of such reservations, may be wisely followed by Congress in preference to the wishes of the agents of a railway company seeking an exclusive franchise. The bill as passed by the Senate should be passed by the House.

A NECESSARY APPROPRIATION.

As we say elsewhere, public opinion is now thoroughly persuaded that one of the most pressing and important public questions of the moment is our Indian policy, and the country is fast reaching the conclusion that the policy must be radically changed. The present Indian Commissioner, General Morgan, is entirely in accord with the views of the wisest friends of the Indians. But the late Commissioner Oberly, in a recent interview, states the extreme difficulty of the Commissioner's position when surrounded by various forms of hostility. The appointment of General Morgan was bitterly resisted by the influences which are largely responsible for the wrongs of the Indians, and which, since his appointment, have sought to harass and defeat his efforts.

General Morgan is striving to secure the essential object, namely, the confidence of the Indians, without which everything is in vain. He seeks to promote their civilization, to provide them with proper schools, and to save them from the rapacity of swindlers of every kind and degree. This he does with a sincerity which those who best know the situation do not doubt. He and his bureau are crippled by overwork and want of adequate assistance. An increase of seven or eight clerks in the bureau, and such increase of salaries as the Secretary of the Interior recommends in his report, are imperatively demanded by the interests of the service.

This increase the Indian Committee have not seen fit to grant, and it is omitted in the appropriation bill as reported. Public censure of faults in Indian administration will be of little service if a faithful public officer, especially charged with the care of Indian interests, and honestly engaged in promoting them as the best public sentiment directs, is not sustained by Congress. The omission of the necessary increase in the appropriation is not in the interest of the Indians nor of the wise and friendly policy which is now demanded. Public opinion upon the subject may well and promptly make itself felt in Washington.

PERSONAL.

Franklin W. Smith, of Boston, is the projector of an ambitious scheme to build an immense temple of the arts at Washington. It is to cost $5,000,000, and occupy one hundred and fifty acres of ground. Mr. Smith has had the plans drawn, it is said, and hopes to raise enough money in the next five years to begin the work.

—The leading character in W. H. Crane's play *The Senator* is considered a very good copy of the energetic junior Senator from Kansas. Mr. Plumb has discovered a serious defect in the imitation, however, in that he never wore a "stove-pipe" hat, while that article of head-wear plays an important part in Mr. Crane's most enjoyable representation.

—The body of the late Alexander William Kinglake, the historian, has been cremated in England, according to his last expressed wish.

—Lady Taylor, who has just died in England, was intimately acquainted with nearly all the men and women who have won literary fame in the last half-century. She married Sir Henry Taylor, the poet, and was greatly admired for her wit.

—"The Great American Grass Fiend," as James B. Olcott, of South Manchester, Connecticut, is sometimes called, on account of the remarkable knowledge of sward grasses that he has acquired, is going abroad to pursue his investigations and studies. Mr. Olcott has an extensive grass garden of his own, and has become so expert in his branch of botany that he can distinguish by sight, smell, or taste any of the grasses he is familiar with.

—General Charles J. Paine, who owned the sloop yachts *Mayflower* and *Volunteer* when they defeated the *Galatea* and *Thistle* in contests for the *America's* cup, thinks that a challenge from the other side for a race this year may yet be received and accepted. He will not enter the lists himself again, but will leave the defence of American prestige to some younger yachtsman.

—Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, who stand at the head of Western publishing houses, have recently purchased the entire stock and good-will of Maxwell & Co.'s book business. This latter house, originally of Bloomington, Illinois, has been established for the last eight years in Chicago, and had built up an extensive trade.

—Notwithstanding the severe cold weather in England and his own advanced age, Lord Tennyson, who is wintering at a resort on the Isle of Wight, takes his out-door walk daily.

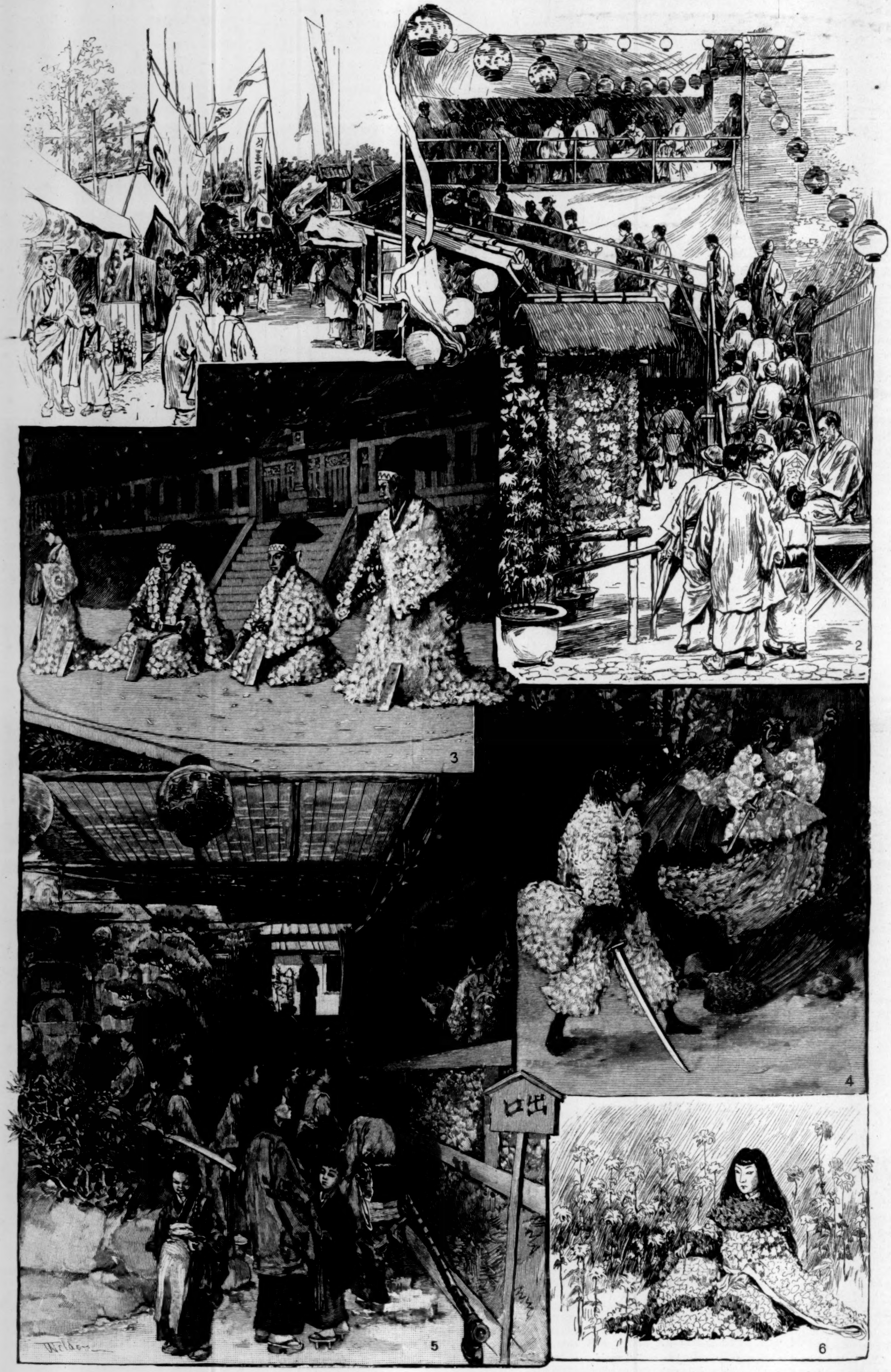
—Until quite recently the old Essex Head Tavern on the Strand, London, which was one of Dr. Johnson's favorite resorts, has been kept by two Misses Fielding, who were descendants of the author of *Tom Jones*. Now, however, the old building is to be pulled down.

—Walter M. Leman, a veteran actor, who had played before General Jackson, Davy Crockett, Aaron Burr, Charles Dickens, and other celebrities, some of whom he knew personally, has just died at San Francisco at the age of seventy-eight years.

—A collection of books that had belonged to President Fillmore was recently auctioned off at Buffalo, and but small prices were realized, some of the law books bringing but five cents apiece.

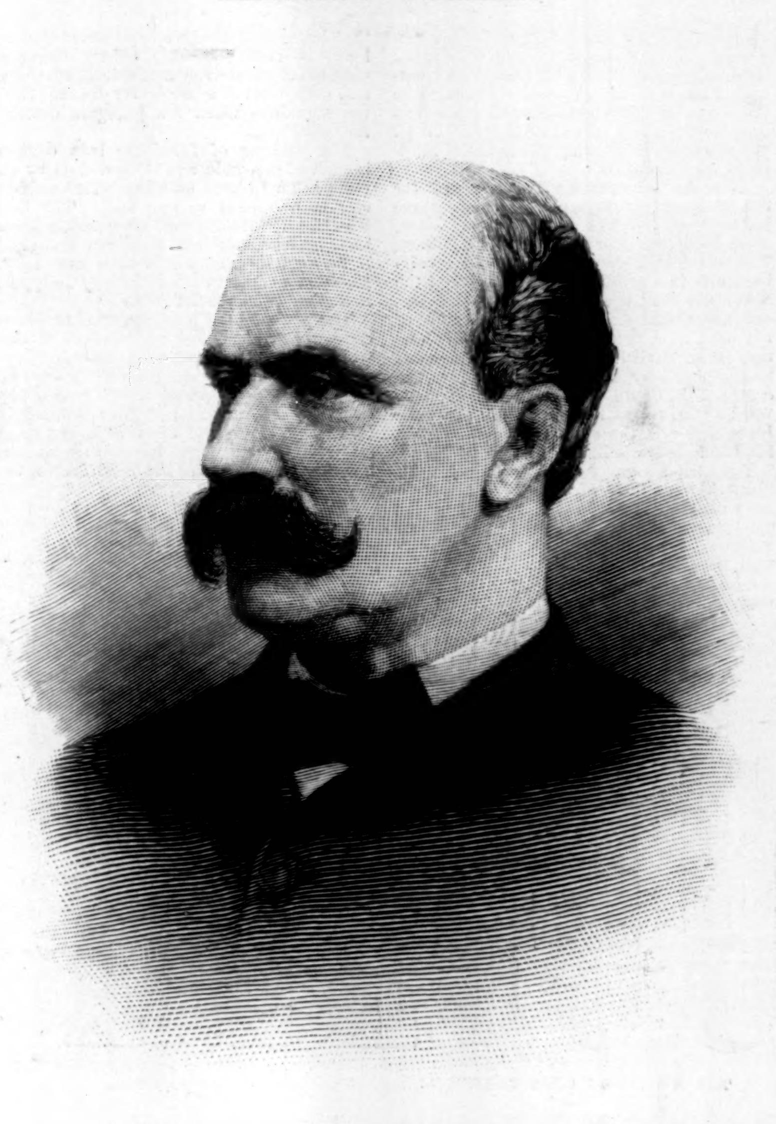
—Sarasate, the violinist, has pocketed $25,000 as the net profit of a two months' tour in England.

—An interesting sequel to Miss Elaine Goodale's work as a teacher among the Indians is her engagement to marry Dr. Charles A. Eastman, a full-blooded Sioux. Dr. Eastman lived among the Indians till he was fourteen years old, picking up a smattering of education at a reservation school, and forming an ambition for something better. He went to Beloit College, and from there to Dartmouth, where he took the full course. After studying medicine at Harvard, he returned to his people in Dakota, and has been doing useful work among them. Dr. Eastman and Miss Goodale are both at the Pine Ridge Agency, and the former has been appointed house physician of the little Episcopal church which now forms the emergency hospital for Indians who were injured in the recent battle at Wounded Knee.



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW, JAPAN.—DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.—[SEE PAGE 63.]

1. The Street Dangozaka. 2. Approach to the Exhibition, with Flower Sign at Entrance. 3. First Scene of the Play, *Ogiya-Kumagaye*. 4. Miyamoto Musashi killing a Devil. 5. Interior of another Show. 6. The Nymph of Chrysanthemums.



HON. J. H. GALLINGER, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.—[See Page 63.]

THE SIOUX OUTBREAK IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

(Continued from front page.)

talk he would make trouble. He said that the white men's bullets would not go through the ghost shirts."

Said another officer, "The way those Sioux worked those Winchesters was beautiful." Which criticism you can see was professional.

Added another, "One man was hit early in the firing, but he continued to pump his Winchester; but growing weaker and weaker and sinking down gradually, his shots went higher and higher, until his last went straight up in the air."

"Those Indians were plumb crazy. Now, for instance, did you notice that before they fired they raised their arms to heaven? That was devotional."

"Yes, captain, but they got over their devotional mood after the shooting was over," remonstrated a cynic. "When I passed over the field after the fight one young warrior who was near to his death asked me to take him over to the medicine-man's side, that he might die with his knife in the old conjurer's heart. He had seen that the medicine was bad, and his faith in the ghost shirt had vanished. There was no doubt but that every buck there thought that no bullet could touch him."

"Well," said an officer, whose pipe was working into a reflective mood, "there is one thing which I learned, and that is that you can bet that the private soldier in the United States army will fight. He'll fight from the drop of the hat anywhere and in any place, and he'll fight till you call *time*. I never in my life saw Springfield carbines worked so industriously as at that place. I noticed one young fellow, and his gun seemed to just blaze all the while. Poor chap! he's mustered out for good."

I saw the scout who had his nose cut off. He came in to get shaved. His face was covered with strips of court-plaster, and when informed that it would be better for him to forego the pleasure of a shave, he reluctantly consented. He had ridden all day and been in the second day's fight with his nose held on by a few strips of plaster, and he did not see just why he could not be shaved; but after being talked to earnestly by a half-dozen friends he succumbed.

"What became of the man who did that?" I asked of him.

He tapped his Winchester and said, "Oh, I got him all right!"

I went into the hospital tents and saw the poor fellows lying on the cots, a little pale in the face, and with a drawn look about the mouth and eyes. That is the serious part of soldiering. No excitement, no crowd of cheering comrades, no shots and yells and din of battle. A few watchful doctors and Red Cross stewards with bottles and bandages, and the grim spectre of the universal enemy hovering over all, and ready to dart down on any man on the cots who lay quieter and whose face was more pale than his fellows.

I saw the Red Cross ambulances draw up in line, and watched the wounded being loaded into them. I saw poor Garlington. His blond mustache twitched under the process of moving, and he looked like a man whose mustache wouldn't twitch unnecessarily. Lieutenant Hawthorne, who was desperately shot in the groin while working the little Hotchkiss cannon, turned his eyes as they moved Garlington from the next cot, and then waited patiently for his own turn.

I was talking with old Captain Capron, who commanded the battery at the fight—a grim old fellow, with a red-lined cape overcoat, and nerve enough for a hundred-ton gun. He said: "When Hawthorne was shot the gun was worked by Corporal Weimert, while Private Hertzog carried Hawthorne from the field and then returned to his gun. The Indians redoubled their fire on the men at the gun, but it seemed only to inspire the corporal to renewed efforts. Oh, my battery was well served," continued the captain, as he put his hands behind his back and looked far away.

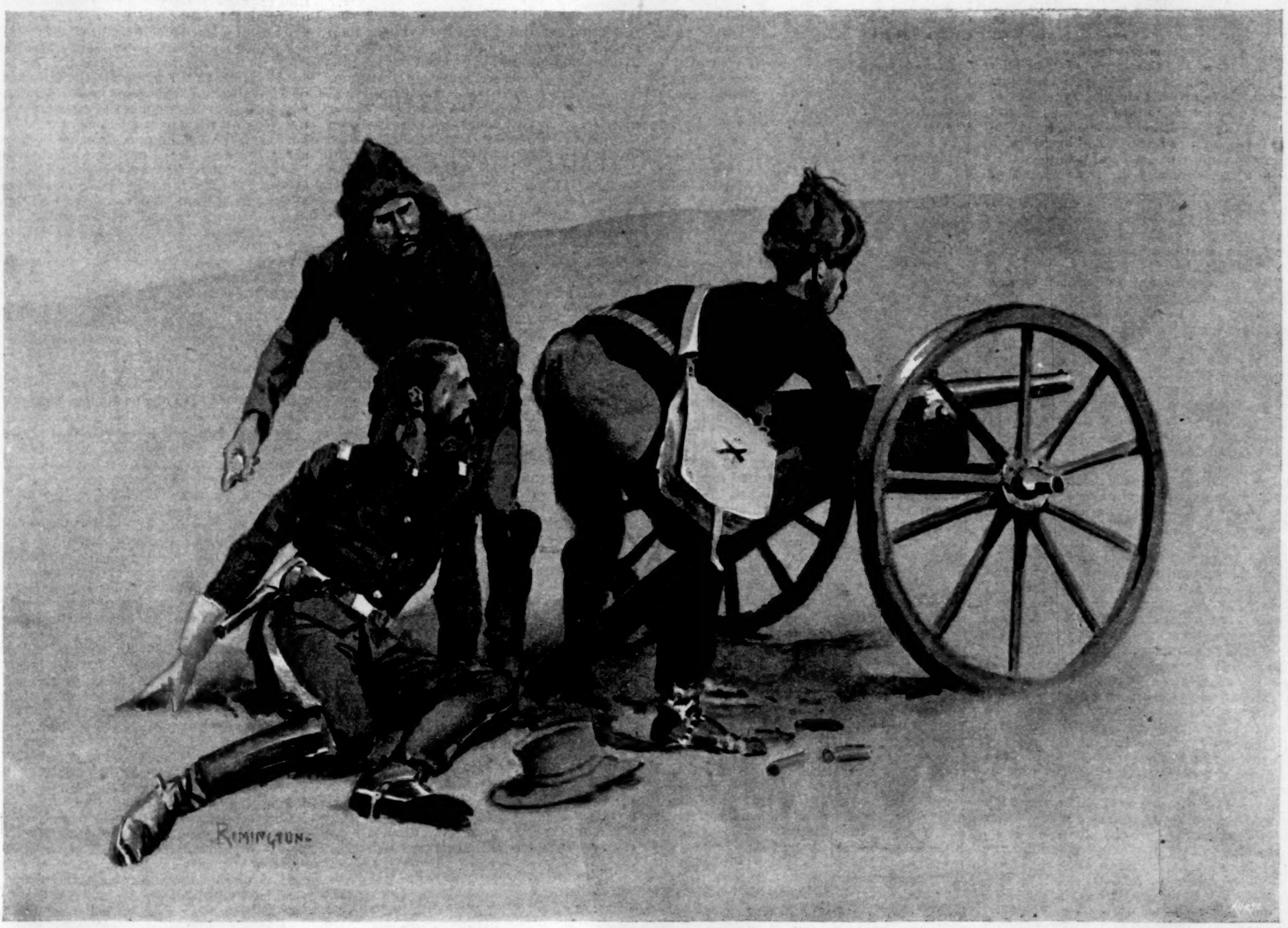
This professional interest in the military process of killing men sometimes rasps a citizen's nerves. To the captain everything else was a side note of little consequence so long as his guns had been worked to his entire satisfaction. That was the point.

At the mention of the name of Captain Wallace, the Sibley became so quiet that you could hear the stove draw and the wind wail about the little canvas town. It was always "Poor Wallace!" and "He died like a soldier, with his empty six shooter in his right hand, shot through the body, and with two jagged wounds in his head."

I accosted a soldier who was leaning on a crutch while he carried a little bundle in his right hand. "You bet I'm glad to get out in the sunlight; that old hospital tent was getting mighty tiresome."

"Where was I shot?" He pointed to his hip. "Only a flesh wound; this is my third wound. My time is out in a few days; but I'm going to re-enlist, and I hope I'll get back here before this trouble is over. I want to get square with these Injuns." You see, there was considerable human nature in this man's composition.

The ambulance went off down the road,



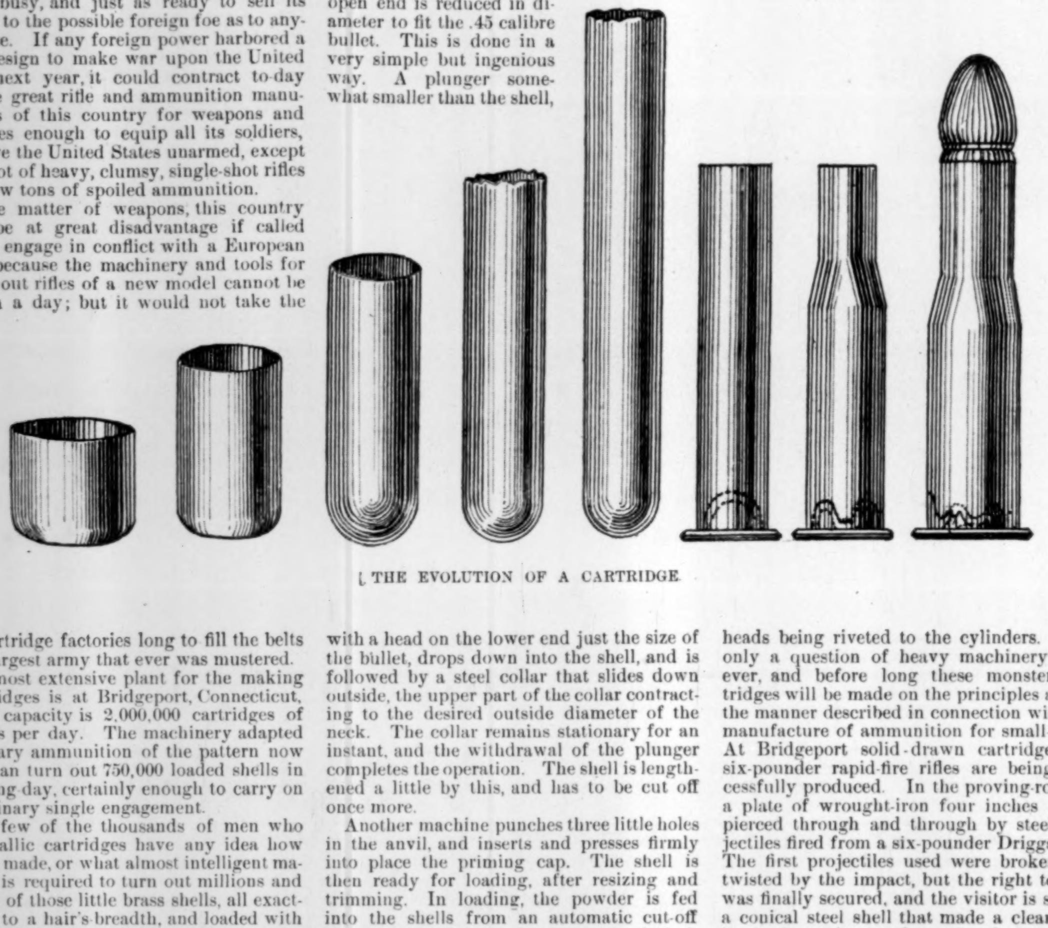
THE WOUNDING OF LIEUTENANT HAWTHORNE—THE HOTCHKISS-GUN PLAYING ON THE CAVE.

and the burial party came back. The dead were for the time forgotten, and the wounded were left to fight their own little battles with stitches and fevers and suppuration. The living toiled in the trenches, or stood out their long term on the pickets, where the moon looked down on the frosty landscape, and the cold wind from the north searched for the crevices in their blankets.

HOW CARTRIDGES ARE MADE.

In no other branch of industry is more ingenuity and human skill employed than in the making of instruments and materials designed to take life. The Patent Office is full of models of fire-arms and devices for the speedy changing of men from tall to long, and the number is being increased from day to day. The inventive genius of America, upon which the optimistic opponents of coast defence rely for the protection of American ports from foreign foes in case of sudden war, is not idle. It is always busy, and just as ready to sell its product to the possible foreign foe as to anybody else. If any foreign power harbored a secret design to make war upon the United States next year, it could contract to-day with the great rifle and ammunition manufactories of this country for weapons and cartridges enough to equip all its soldiers, and leave the United States unarmed, except with a lot of heavy, clumsy, single-shot rifles and a few tons of spoiled ammunition.

In the matter of weapons, this country would be at great disadvantage if called upon to engage in conflict with a European power, because the machinery and tools for turning out rifles of a new model cannot be made in a day; but it would not take the great cartridge factories long to fill the belts of the largest army that ever was mustered.



THE EVOLUTION OF A CARTRIDGE

The most extensive plant for the making of cartridges is at Bridgeport, Connecticut, and its capacity is 2,000,000 cartridges of all kinds per day. The machinery adapted to military ammunition of the pattern now in use can turn out 750,000 loaded shells in a working-day, certainly enough to carry on any ordinary single engagement.

Very few of the thousands of men who use metallic cartridges have any idea how they are made, or what almost intelligent machinery is required to turn out millions and millions of those little brass shells, all exactly alike to a hair's-breadth, and loaded with the same number of grains of powder under the same pressure and the same weight of lead. In the first metallic cartridges introduced, the method of making was obvious. A strip of brass or copper was wound spirally into the shape of a hollow cylinder, and a separate piece of metal was inserted as a head in one end.

But the metallic shell of to-day has no seams and no joints; it is all in one piece when prepared to receive the primer and load. In other words, it is solid drawn. The process of drawing a metal cylinder, open at one end only, and upsetting a flanged head on the other end, is ingenious and interesting; and although too complicated for description in minute detail, its general features and principles can be made clear in a brief account of a visit to the works of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company in Bridgeport.

For illustration, let us follow a rifle cartridge of .45 calibre through all the stages of its manufacture, beginning with its appearance in the shop as a sheet of brass plate. The first set of tools is a long row of heavy dies, which cut from sheets of brass, as they pass under the stamps, circular disks about an inch and a half in diameter. The next set consists of hollow dies and solid plungers. The plungers force the disks down through the dies, and the disks then become little brass cups about three-quarters of an inch in diameter and half an inch deep. These cups are annealed by being subjected to a proper degree of heat and plunged into nitric acid, and then drawn again. They are drawn, and annealed between drawings, five times, each operation reducing the diameter of the hollow cylinder and the thickness of the metal, and increasing the length. The frequent annealing is necessary to prevent the metal from breaking while being drawn.

The hollow dies are arranged in sets of ten or more, according to size, in heavy circular steel plates, which revolve horizontally so as to bring the dies successively under the plunging rods. Girls sit in front of the machines, and place the brass cylinders upright in sockets just over the dies as the plates revolve. All the other operations of the machine are automatic, and are performed with absolute accuracy and certainty. The plungers descend three times in a second, and at every stroke a cylinder is pushed through a die, and dropped into a box under the machine. The machines that draw the smaller sizes of copper shells and brass pistol cartridges are self-feeding, some operating like the magazine of a Winchester rifle and others like the feed case of a Gatling-gun. In all the processes of drawing the metal is lubricated with soapsuds.

After the last drawing the brass disk for the .45 shell has become a cylinder three inches long and half an inch in diameter, open at one end, and with a rounded bottom. The surplus half-inch is cut off by a revolving knife in a self-feeding machine, and the next operation "upsets" a head on the closed end, and makes a depression in the centre of the head as a first step toward the formation of an anvil for the primer. The anvil is completed by a plunger that forces the centre of the depressed part of the head outward again, and at the same time presses a brass ring into the shell to strengthen the head and make a solid seat for the primer.

The shell is then "bottle-necked"—that is, about half an inch of the open end is reduced in diameter to fit the .45 calibre bullet. This is done in a very simple but ingenious way. A plunger somewhat smaller than the shell, with a head on the lower end just the size of the bullet, drops down into the shell, and is followed by a steel collar that slides down outside, the upper part of the collar contracting to the desired outside diameter of the neck. The collar remains stationary for an instant, and the withdrawal of the plunger completes the operation. The shell is lengthened a little by this, and has to be cut off once more.

Another machine punches three little holes in the anvil, and inserts and presses firmly into place the priming cap. The shell is then ready for loading, after resizing and trimming. In loading, the powder is fed into the shells from an automatic cut-off hopper as they pass under the spout; the bullets drop into place in the same way, being lubricated *en route*, and are then forced home and fixed by a device that "crimps" the edges of the shells, turning the brass slightly inward, and pressing it against the lead, so as to make a water-tight joint. The loading machine does its work without any assistance other than the placing of the shells upright in proper position upon a revolving table.

All the operations described are performed by machines, and require little or no manual skill, the attendants having nothing to do but start and stop the machines and keep them supplied with material. In the charging of primers, however, some manual dexterity is required, and that work is done almost entirely by girls. The brass and copper cups for primers are punched out by machines, cleaned and polished by being tumbled in barrels of sawdust, and deposited in heaps upon tables in the priming-room. A girl takes a brass plate about eight inches long and four inches wide, which is full of holes just large enough to receive the primer cups, plunges it into the heap, and by dexterous movements of the wrist, shakes the tiny cups into the holes right side up.

Another girl takes a thin steel plate full of holes, covers it with wet fulminate, presses the fulminate into the holes with a roller, and scrapes away the surplus. The steel plate is then placed on top of the plate containing the cups, and adjusted so that the holes exactly coincide. The two plates, fastened together, are put under a press fitted with little plungers, a lever is pulled, and a plunger enters each hole, and forces the fulminate down into the cap. A somewhat similar press cuts out little disks of tin-foil from freshly varnished sheets, and forces them down on top of the fulminate.

In the larger sizes of cartridges the anvils are in the shells, but in the small sizes the anvils are in the primers. The anvils are little bars of brass that fit tightly into the primers. They are shaken into holes in brass plates, turned right side up with tweezers, placed over the primers, and put under presses. When power is applied, little pistons force the anvils home. Sometimes the primers explode during this operation, and the room in which the work is done echoes almost continually with the detonations, but the charge of fulminate is so small that no harm is done. The big old-style musket caps are charged by men in a separate room, and they stand at a respectful distance from the machines when the plungers descend into the caps.

The making of fulminate is a distinct branch of the trade, and is carried on by experts in an isolated building, which nobody else is permitted to approach. The men who handle fulminate are supposed to know their business, and take their own risks, and if they get blown up it is their own fault. Fulminate makers do occasionally disappear in a cloud of mercurial fumes.

The perfection of many types of rapid-fire cannon has compelled the makers of cartridges to produce fixed ammunition of large calibre, and most of the big factories are either making or preparing to make brass cartridges of enormous size. The Winchester factory has turned out a few cartridges about six feet long and eight inches in diameter, but the brass cases are not solid drawn, the heads being riveted to the cylinders. It is only a question of heavy machinery however, and before long these monster cartridges will be made on the principles and in the manner described in connection with the manufacture of ammunition for small-arms. At Bridgeport solid-drawn cartridges for six-pounder rapid-fire rifles are being successfully produced. In the proving-room is a plate of wrought-iron four inches thick, pierced through and through by steel projectiles fired from a six-pounder Driggs gun. The first projectiles used were broken and twisted by the impact, but the right temper was finally secured, and the visitor is shown a conical steel shell that made a clean hole in the iron plate, and was barely scratched in the passage. The solid-drawn brass case was not injured by the explosion, and can be reloaded.

It is a singular fact that the Indians of the plains taught the United States government a trick in reloading rifle shells. The United States arsenals have always kept about ten years behind the procession in the manufacture of arms and ammunition; and for many years after the invention of the Berdan system of outside primers and its adoption by other governments and cartridge-makers, the United States clung to the Martin system of inside primers. The government experts declared that the Berdan primers could not be water-proof, and would leak gas, and they also failed to discover any method of reloading their own shells. Hostile Indians on the plains picked up the shells thrown away by United States soldiers, reloaded them, and used them against the troops. The untutored savage simply punched a hole in the head of the shell, and inserted an ordinary percussion-cap, inside of which he had placed a pebble to serve as an anvil. After that discovery the government concluded to adopt the Berdan system of reloadable cartridges.

European governments have discarded rifles of large calibre, and adopted cartridges carrying small bullets and more powerful explosives, securing thereby greater range, accuracy, and penetration, but the United States troops are still armed with Springfield rifles.

ALLEN KELLY.

STEAM TILLAGE AND FERTILIZATION BY AERATION.

An Edinburgh professor was asked a little while ago what scientific books in the University library were worth preserving, and he said that nothing more than ten years old was worth keeping at all, other than as a curiosity. Another Edinburgh authority, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in the article on Agriculture, refers to a work published in 1843 as still being the best on the implements a farmer uses. Does this mean that the art of farming in the last half-century has not kept pace with the other arts? Probably in Great Britain, and even in this country, where we are less wedded to old methods, farming is not generally practised with reference to all the knowledge which the scientists have endeavored to teach the tillers of the soil. The methods of tillage, though they have greatly improved in the last two or three generations, have remained very crude when compared with the methods employed in other industries. Considering that agriculture is more important to the world than any other industry—more important, indeed, than all the rest of them combined—it is rather a pity that this should be so.

The base of all tillage is ploughing, and the history of the plough in its gradual progress, from the bent stick used by the ancients to scratch the earth, to the most improved steel plough of the present day, is necessarily a history of agriculture. So much is this the case that a tolerably correct estimate of the progress of the art in any country, whether in ancient or modern times, may be formed by ascertaining the structure of the plough. But even at its best, ploughing is very unsatisfactory, and does not leave the soil in an ideal condition to produce the best results, even after the harrow and clod-crusher have done their best. Consider what results would be obtained if the farmer would or could use in his wheat and corn fields the methods his wife employs to grow the flowers which adorn his yard. Competent authorities say that if it were possible to give garden culture to the fields, the crops would be quite twice as great as they are. But with the implements in vogue, this is not possible.

The preparation of a field for seeding is laborious and expensive, and costs anywhere from six to three dollars an acre. This latter price is what it costs on the large grain farms — bonanza farms they are sometimes called — of the Northwest. There steam is frequently employed as the motive power, and the machinery to do this work has generally been brought from England at great expense. It has always seemed very desirable to utilize steam in ploughing, but it appears to have been up to this time impossible to bring it into general use. The method now usually employed is that designed by the Fowlers, of Leeds, and for thirty years past there have been no appreciable improvements in this system. It consists of a single locomotive engine, usually twelve or fourteen horse-power, with a windlass attached to it under the boiler. Around this windlass an endless steel wire rope passes with a single turn in a groove, which, by means of hinged clips, lays hold of nearly the entire circumference of the rope, which thus obtains sufficient grip to convey the necessary hauling power without risk of slipping upon the drum. This wire rope, which requires to be just twice as long as the field to be tilled is wide, passes round a sheave upon a self-acting anchor placed at the further side of the field opposite to the engine. This anchor is a prominent feature in the apparatus. It consists of a low truck on four wheels, with sharp disk edges, which cut deeply into the soil, and thus obtain a sufficient hold to resist the strain of the wire rope, the other end of which is fixed well ahead in the direction which the truck is required to move. Thus the apparatus warps itself along the headland as the ploughing progresses, and is kept always *vis-à-vis* of the engine, which moves itself forward by its own locomotive power at every bout of the ploughs, and keeps abreast of them. That the rope may not drag upon the ground, friction rollers, or rope porters as they are called, are placed at suitable intervals. The ploughs are fixed to a balance frame carried on two wheels, and are in duplicate, pointing to each other, so that when the set at one end of the frame is in work, the opposite set is carried aloft in the air. The plough frame is thus hauled to and fro across the field, between the engine and movable anchor, by reversing the action of the windlass; and it is adapted for taking from two to eight furrows at once, according to the power of the engine and the nature of the soil that is operated upon.

To work this machinery there are needed one engineer, one ploughman, four men or boys, and a horse to haul water and fuel. It will readily be seen that so cumbersome and expensive a method is entirely beyond the reach of the ordinary farmer. And in the end the work is no better done than by the old weary method by horse and man power, though it is done a little better than the occasional method employed in Germany, where I have seen two women and a dog hitched to a plough, the men and horses being employed in the army that keeps great the fatherland. The steam method described has proven so unsatisfactory that the number of machines turned out by the manufacturers does not exceed one hundred and fifty in a year.

During the past two decades some of the most ingenious minds have been employed in solving the problem of making ploughing cheaper and better, and it has been reserved for one of our countrymen to devise what was needed. At the very beginning of his experiments he abandoned the idea of drawing a plough through the earth. This for two reasons: it took too much power, and it was not perfect tillage. He tried to spade up the earth behind his traction engine, and the experiment was quite successful. But in making the experiment he stumbled upon a much simpler and better method than spading. Upon a shaft eight feet long in the rear of a traction engine are hung loosely twenty choppers or knives. When the shaft revolves, which it does as the engine goes forward, these choppers become rigid by reason of centrifugal force, and dig into the soil to any desired depth, and so pulverize it that there is not left a piece of earth larger than a green pea. At the same operation a seeder which follows the chopper sows the seed, and a roller firms in the seed. All this is done by one engineer, and the capacity of the machine is two acres an hour.

Probably, however, the most important feature of this invention is not merely in saving labor, but in aerating the soil so that nitrogen can be absorbed from the air. Nitrogen is the most valuable thing in all fertilizers, and the most costly. How to get this nitrogen has been a great question, and it has only been answered recently by the scientists; and singularly enough the same answer comes from various parts of the world at the same time. Professor Hellriegal in France, Professor Woods of the United States Experiment Station at Mansfield, Connecticut, Sir John Lawes and Dr. Gilbert in England, all announce that if the soil be thoroughly aerated plants will absorb from the atmosphere all the nitrogen required. Just at this time is finished this simple method of tillage by steam, and the earth can be aerated at once cheaply and thoroughly. A cubic yard of air weighs two pounds, and three-fourths of this is nitrogen. Suppose the tilth of a cultivated field that has been pulverized by the centrifugal choppers to be six inches in depth; at least three inches of this is air. Therefore in each acre there would be imprisoned 400 cubic yards or 800 pounds, 600 pounds of which would be nitrogen. This much nitrogen is worth $90, and therefore the farmer using the new method would get that much in fertilization just from the air. Some of this he undoubtedly gets by the present method, but not one-tenth of that which he would get if his soil were completely pulverized and aerated.

John Gilmer Speed.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN JAPAN.

Of all the blooming plants that adorn Japanese gardens, the chrysanthemum is the one most carefully cultivated. Its blossoms are regarded as symbols of longevity, and the ninth month, according to the old lunary calendar, was called "the month of chrysanthemums," and special festivals were kept for the purpose of seeing the beautiful national flower. In fact the Japanese imperial coat of arms is nothing else than a chrysanthemum of sixteen petals.

The rich employ special gardeners to cultivate the plants in their parks, and the poor delight themselves by purchasing some in pots for a few cents. In "the month of chrysanthemums" there is not a house in the whole empire where the dwellers do not have some species of this flower. But the Tokio populace have peculiar tastes. They resort to a street called Dangozaka, where it has become a custom from ancient days to have the chrysanthemum flowers arranged in shapes of human beings and of the lower animals. The pictures on page 60 illustrate the place, which is filled with shows of the kind. The street is situate on the slope of a hill. As you approach it flags and banners of various colors beckon you to come, and as you enter the street the show-keepers invite you to see their skill. You pay the admission fee of a few cents, and are led by a man who explains to you the scenes exhibited, which represent some acts of a drama. The costumes of the personages are made of chrysanthemums, and their faces, which are carved in wood and plastered, represent the faces of the most celebrated actors of the time. The illustrations represent the street scenes, the signboards of the shows being made of flowers; the first scene of the play of the forty-seven *rōnins, Ogiya-Kumagaye*, which is exhibited on a revolving stage—that is to say, the stage rests on a pivot, and is turned by men under the floor to change the scenes; Miyamoto Musashi killing a devil with his sword; and Kikujidō, the nymph of chrysanthemums.

These figures are first made of bamboo frames, and then the chrysanthemums, in pots, are fastened to the frames in such a manner that the stems and pots cannot be seen by the visitor. The flowers forming the figures therefore, having roots, last about a month. Some showmen went so far last year as to introduce phonographic reproductions of the voices of the actors whom the figures represent. On clear days the street is crowded by old and young, who regard the shows as one of the important events of the year.

N. Amenomori.

THE GREAT FALLS OF THE POTOMAC.

The Potomac, with its many sources in the Alleghany and Shenandoah ranges, is the noblest of Southern rivers and the most diversified. Looking at the Potomac as it sweeps past Washington, it may be turbid and swollen at times, and so its picturesqueness above and below the city would hardly be suspected. In an artistic sense, with Ruskin and Morris, a city and a river are not often in harmony. Bridges span and collar rivers, quays tether and constrain them, steamtugs rumple them, and so much of the great majesty and simple grandeur of a stream within the city is lost. Rivers look so eternal, houses so extemporaneous, that the two clash.

With a series of easy descents, more rapid at the beginning than its ending, the Potomac, as an estuary of some miles' width, empties itself into the bay. Seeking its lowest level, erosive action, the scars and burrowings on the sides of the earth, show how lustily in the time long past the Potomac fought for its way to the sea.

Taking the Potomac as the finest of Southern rivers, it has a length of four hundred miles, and meets the tide at Georgetown, and because it is navigable to Washington, that is one of the reasons why the capital of the country was placed there. Above Washington some fifteen miles, the Potomac, with a grand rush, tears past, a distance of two miles, making a descent of eighty feet. Here is a cataract thirty-five feet high. This is the Great Falls of the Potomac. Masses of rock blocking the way, the river fights and struggles through the obstructions. The water is olive green in sombre lights, but when the sun shines, of clearest blue, and never was foam so white. The roar and noise of this fall of a still night can be heard miles away, and people with nice ears living at Georgetown are ready to declare that they can hear the sound of it.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

When one thinks of the wide range and fame of American historical literature, the fact that it is a creation of considerably less than sixty years seems hardly credible. The first volume of Bancroft's *History of the United States* appeared in 1834. It was the first positive sign that Washington Irving was not to remain the sole representative of American literature of the highest order. Prescott's great historical writings began to be published in 1837. It was nearly twenty years more before any of the brilliant historical works of Motley and Parkman appeared.

I.

George Bancroft, the son of a Worcester (Massachusetts) clergyman, was born October 3, 1800. Before his seventeenth year was completed he had been graduated from Harvard with second honors. His intellectual ambition is shown by his matriculating at the University of Goettingen the following year. Goettingen was then the greatest of the German universities, and the young Edward Everett had recently set American students the example of studying there. Bancroft's studies in Germany were theological and linguistic rather than historical, for as yet his great purpose in life had not been formed. He pursued courses in French, German, and Italian, in Greek philosophy, and the languages of the Orient important to Biblical interpretation. In 1820 he received the degree of Ph.D. Then he divided two more years between study in Berlin and Heidelberg and European travel. He met many of the famous European scholars and writers of the time, Goethe and Byron among others.

Returning home, he preached occasionally, taught Greek a year in Harvard, and then founded a boys' school near Northampton. In 1823 a volume of poems was published, most of which had been written abroad. Although not devoid of merit, their chief importance is that they show the temper and quality of mind of the future historian. The next year he translated Heeren's *Politics of Ancient Greece*, and a little later showed some interest in practical politics, and was elected to the State Legislature, but declined to serve. In 1838 he was appointed Collector of the port of Boston, and in 1844 he was the Democratic candidate for the Governorship. Polk gave him the naval portfolio in his cabinet. During the eighteen months while he was Secretary of the Navy he displayed great energy. The establishment of the Naval School at Annapolis—the opposition to which was overcome only by great shrewdness—is his lasting monument. One cannot but regret, however, that a man of Bancroft's logical and philanthropic mind should have taken a conspicuous part in the scheming and conscienceless administration of Polk in its outrages upon Mexico and reason.

The one fact in American politics which, like salt to the ocean, "keeps sweet and renders endurable" the otherwise vast and stagnant waters of mediocrity is the long and well-established custom of giving precedence in foreign appointments to literary men of note. Blot out from American history the good results directly due to the appointment of such representatives as Irving, Hawthorne, Alexander H. and Edward Everett, Bancroft, Motley, Lowell, Howells, Schuyler, and the rest, and our literature and foreign service alike would be deprived of their richest coloring. Bancroft's accomplishments, no less than his interest in European historical documents, plainly singled him out as the one to be sent as Minister to Great Britain. He withdrew from the cabinet and accepted this appointment in the autumn of 1846. Nothing has done so much to force England to respect the United States as the learning, brilliancy, and eloquence of some of her ministers. During his three years in England Bancroft proved to be a worthy successor to Edward Everett. In 1867 he was sent as Minister to Berlin, where he remained seven years. Here his great popularity at court and in learned circles, together with his familiarity with German, enabled him to accomplish a great work in diplomacy. The practice of most of the German states had been to ignore the natural right of expatriation, so that when a German-American citizen revisited the *Vaterland* he was commonly seized and forced to do the ordinary military service. Bancroft successfully argued with Bismarck and Emperor William—both of whom were his intimate friends and ardent admirers—on the importance to Germany of not destroying the affection which it was natural for German Americans to feel for their native land. When the dispute between England and the United States as to the northwest boundary was referred to the King of Prussia, Bancroft wrote the argument for the United States.

II.

Notwithstanding Bancroft's success in politics, the history was his life work. He was only about thirty when he began this work; he was fourscore-and-four when the last revision was made. His original design, as stated in the preface of the first volume, was to write "the history of the United States from the discovery of the American continent to the present time"; that is, to 1834. Although he wrote twelve large volumes, he did not get beyond the period of the adoption of the Federal Constitution. This is not strange when we consider the thoroughness of his search for facts and his frequent revisions. In proportion to the scope of his work, he was one of the most painstaking and exhaustive historians of the century, if not of all the past. His ample means permitted him to gather a very large collection of books and rare manuscripts. For the early discoveries and the foreign history connected with that of the colonies, he personally searched the libraries and archives of nearly all Europe. For the local history of the colonies and the doings of their most prominent men, he examined libraries, unprinted public records, private manuscripts, and letters in almost all of the original thirteen States. He is the only historian who ever made a thorough examination and use of all the Revolutionary archives deposited in the library of the Department of State.

Such methods having characterized his work from the first, one is therefore less surprised at the bold prognostication of Edward Everett on the appearance of the first volume: "The work of Mr. Bancroft is one of the ablest of the class which has for years appeared in the English language.... As far as it goes, it does such justice to its noble subject as to supersede the necessity of any future work of the same kind, and if completed as commenced, will unquestionably forever be regarded both as an American and as an English classic." When the volume on the period 1778–81 appeared, Mr. Henry Adams, himself a historian of high standing and of much special learning and experience in diplomacy, wrote of it, "For the first time the whole field of European diplomacy is laid open."

To a historian a good style is almost as important as great research. Parkman's brilliancy has done much to make him one of the foremost of modern historians, whereas Hildreth's dulness has caused his history to be called "virtually annals." Gibbon is grand, and often grandiose. Macaulay's gorgeous fabric is often too heavily gem-incrusted for a perfect historical covering. Bancroft's style is happily suited to the dignity of his subject. It is not so picturesque as Prescott's, and some may believe that it is not so well balanced as Motley's, but it is always thoughtful, frequently highly philosophical, is usually crisp and bright, and is occasionally very poetical. The thoughtful reader is impressed not merely by the supreme ease with which so vast a theme is handled, but also by the light of philosophy and world history with which it is pervaded. Some critics originally objected that there was too much philosophizing and too many digressions from the main theme, but revision did much to remove these objections.

His method of judging a historical character was first to represent the man from the man's own point of view; then the historian passed judgment, and the reader was prepared to weigh it with intelligence. The method is simple, and the only one that is absolutely just to the reader and the person judged, but few have ever followed it. Bancroft's scrupulous adherence to it enabled him to write a history practically free from all bias, and it led Prescott to write of his treatment of religious questions, "Catholics and Calvinists, Jesuits, Quakers, and Church of England men, are all judged according to their deeds, and not their speculative tenets."

Bancroft made many speeches and addresses on historical and commemorative occasions, one of the greatest of which was his oration before both Houses of Congress on Lincoln's birthday, 1866. He was the author of many articles and several volumes on different subjects which interested him from time to time during his long career. His last active literary work was on a small volume called *A Plea for the Constitution of the United States, Wounded in the House of its Guardians*, published in 1886. It was a plea, on the basis of the Constitution, for honest money, in opposition to the financial delusions to which the nation became a prey in consequence of the financial strain caused by the civil war. As late as 1889 appeared a volume called *Martin Van Buren to the End of his Public Career*; but his calm, clear sketch of Van Buren, judged as one sincere Democrat must judge his former leader, had been written several decades before. But it was to his history that his life was devoted.

III.

George Bancroft, the man, was one of the most interesting Americans of his time. His personal appearance was not particularly striking except on account of the sparkling intelligence of his face. He was slender, but very erect and wiry. His thick snow-white hair and beard, always neatly trimmed, made him look much younger than his years. His manner was courtly, and to ladies he was always a perfect gallant, even to those of his own household. To the very last year of his life his conversation was very vivacious and sprightly. Even shortly before his death, when his ability to recall recent events was practically gone, the writer remembers an evening on which he talked with great brilliancy and wit of his experiences as Secretary of the Navy, of the theories of Jonathan Edwards, of the odd traits of his old friend Ranke, and on several other subjects.

Throughout his whole life he was very fond of society. While Minister to England it is said that he spent a part of each winter in Paris to enjoy the society of the great intellects of the French capital. Those who have no personal knowledge of his popularity in Berlin may learn from one of Motley's letters that he met at "a pleasant dinner at Bancroft's" two diplomats, a naturalist (no other than the great Helmholz), "the first painter of Berlin," one of the famous Grimms, and one or two others of celebrity. When there was some possibility of his recall, owing to intrigue, Bismarck wrote to Motley: "Bancroft is one of the most popular personages in Berlin, and if you have still the old good-will for the town.... do what you can to enable us to keep him." At his receptions in Washington one met more cultured and famous people than at any other house. His summer home was at Newport, and it was there that he luxuriated in bright intellectual society and in his favorite roses.

Although he was a very hard worker, rising about five, and continuing to work almost constantly until about two in the afternoon, few have ever enjoyed such perfect health for so long a time. The explanation of it is to be found in the regularity of his life and his fondness for recreation. Riding was his greatest pleasure. As late as his eighty-eighth year it was his habit to spend several hours daily in the saddle. After he gave up riding, one frequently met him arm in arm and talking enthusiastically with Mr. Bayard, Mr. Henry Adams, some other special friend, or his devoted German servant Hermann. Whist was his favorite occupation in the evening. To the very close of his life he was passionately fond of it, and he played an exceptionally skilful game. The completion of his ninetieth year was celebrated at Newport, October 3, 1890.

George Bancroft's life was crowned with successes; it was one of the brightest of the century. His life and his fame are identified with American history as few others ever have been or ever can be. He was doubly the pride of Americans; they admired him for his genius; they reverenced him because he had devoted that genius to American history. As an expression of this fact, he received from Congress an honor never conferred upon any other private citizen: he had a constant privilege of the floors of both the Senate and the House of Representatives.

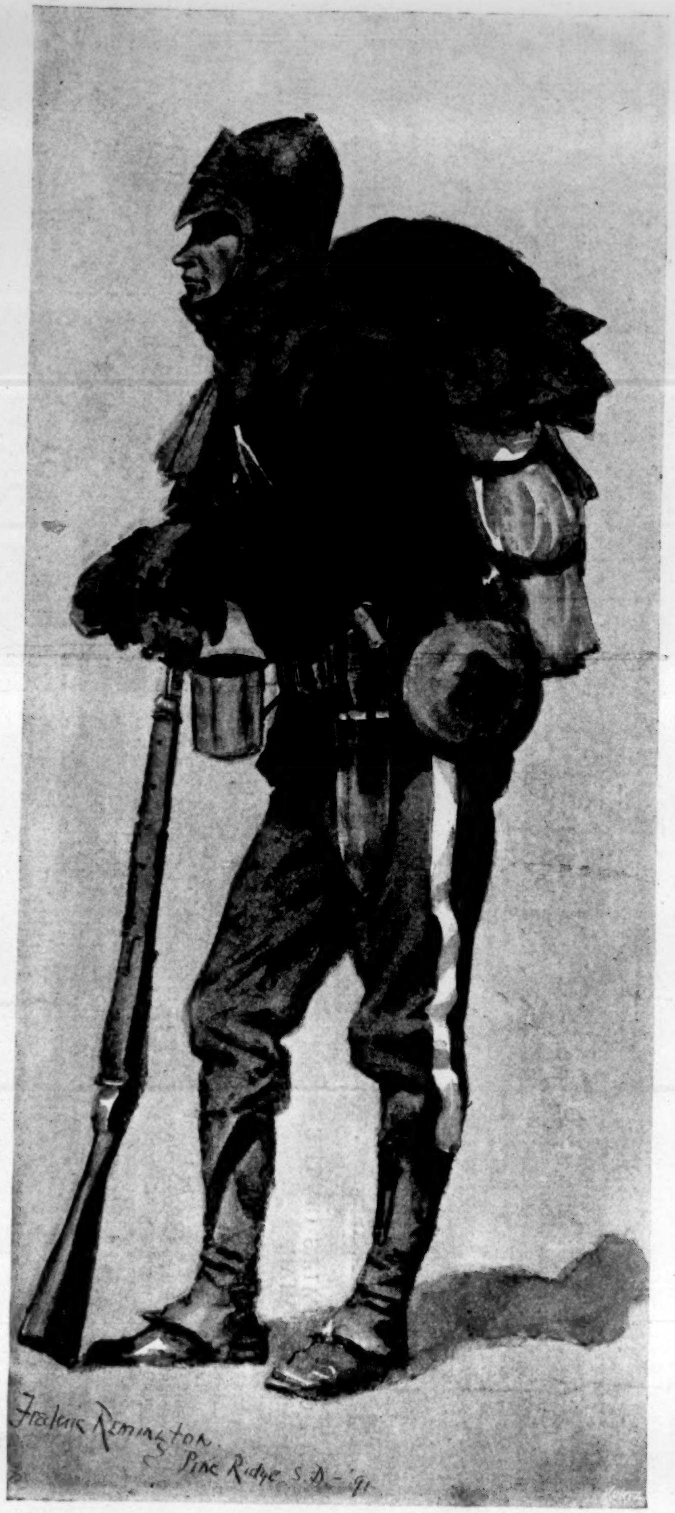
His death occurred on the afternoon of January 17th. The end was quiet and peaceful, after a period of unconsciousness lasting about twenty-four hours.

F. B.

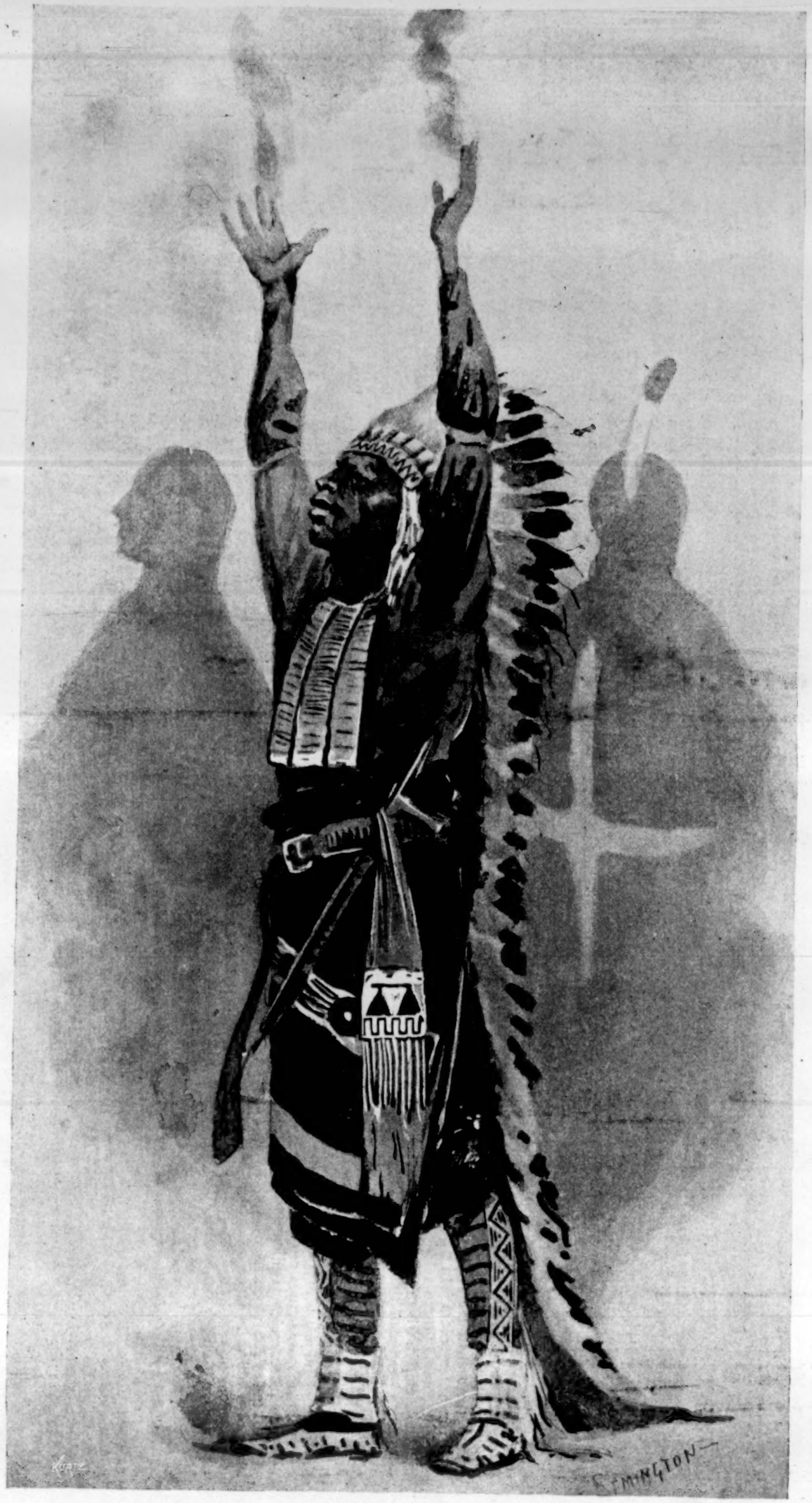
SENATOR BLAIR'S SUCCESSOR.

Jacob H. Gallinger, named as the successor of Henry W. Blair in the United States Senate, was born at Cornwall, Ontario, on the 28th day of March, 1837, and is therefore in his fifty-fourth year. As a farmer boy he attended the common school and academy. Afterward he became a printer; but while still a young man he began the study of medicine, and obtained his diploma as a practising physician in 1858. He has practised medicine and surgery ever since that time, and has attained some eminence in his profession, his services being called for not only in all parts of his own State, but outside of its boundaries also. Dr. Gallinger has the degree of A.M. from Dartmouth College, and is generally recognized as a man of learning and of more than ordinary executive ability and force of character.

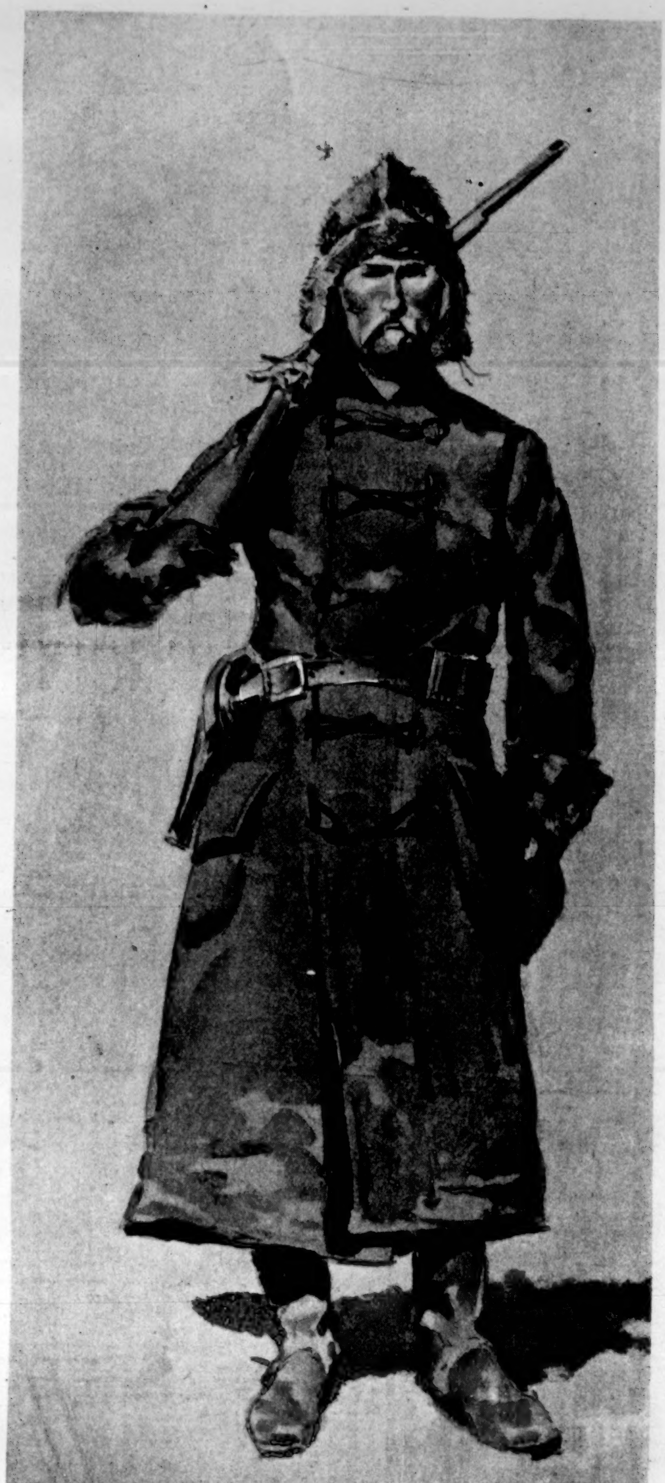
But it is in political life that Dr. Gallinger is best and most widely known. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1872 and 1873. He took a prominent part in the Constitutional Convention of 1876. In 1878 he was elected to the State Senate. He was reelected the following year, and was chosen to the Presidency of the Senate. After a hot contest with Charles H. Burns in 1882, he was made chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, and proved a most adroit manager. In 1884 he was elected to the National Congress, and at the end of his first term was re-elected. He declined to be a candidate again. In Congress he took a prominent part in party debates. He made not a little reputation in the investigation of the conduct of the Government Printing Office in Washington. Dr. Gallinger was a delegate to the Republican National Convention held in Chicago in June, 1888, and was chairman of the New Hampshire delegation. He seconded the nomination of Mr. Harrison. In the Republican Senatorial caucus of June, 1889, he received sixty votes against Mr. Chandler, the nominee.


Frederic Remington.
Pine Ridge S.D. -'91

A UNITED STATES INFANTRY SOLDIER IN WINTER UNIFORM.

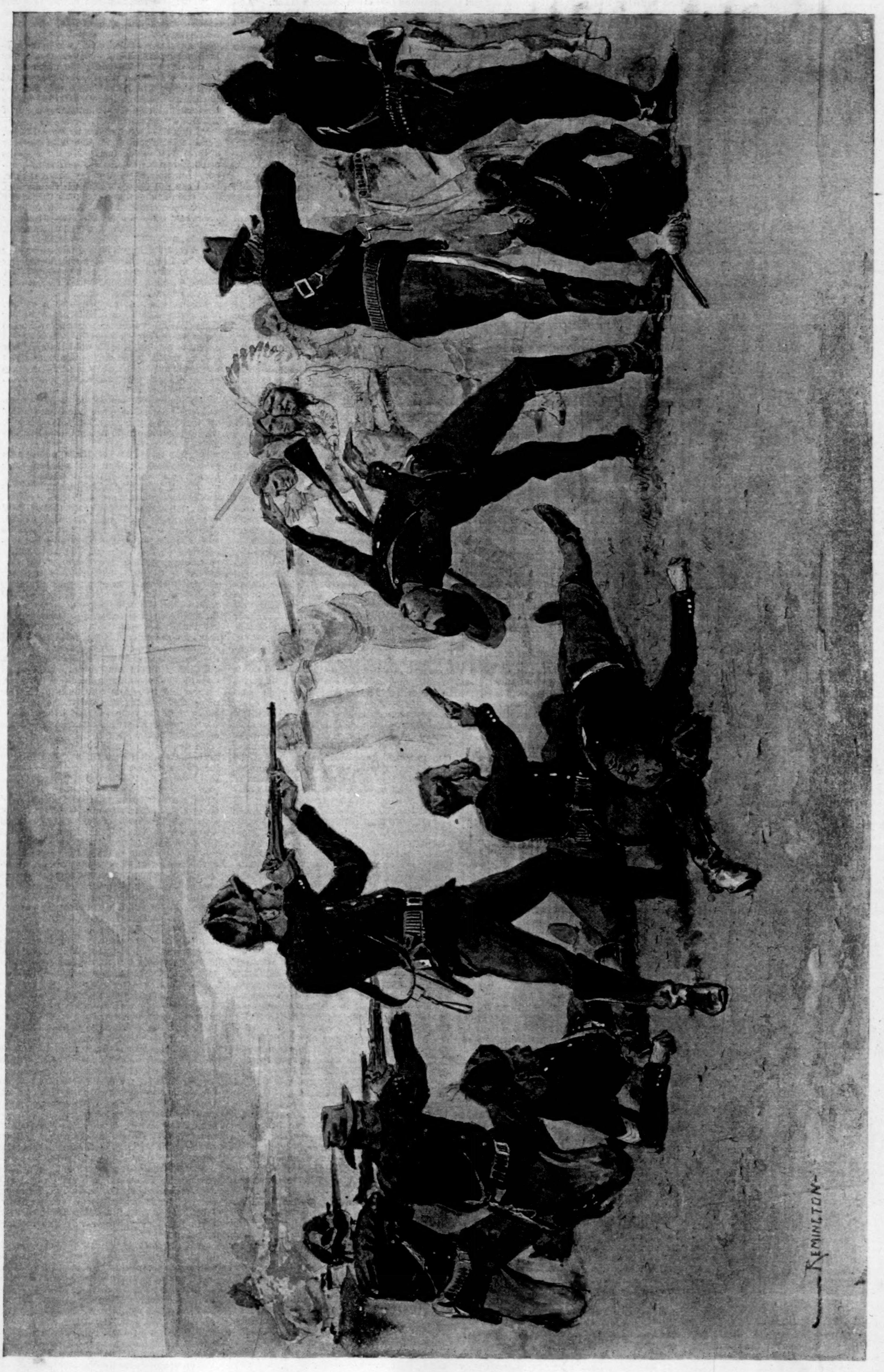


THE MEDICINE-MAN'S SIGNAL: THROWING DUST IN THE AIR.—THEN THE FIRING BEGAN.



A UNITED STATES TROOPER IN WINTER UNIFORM.

THE SIOUX OUTBREAK IN SOUTH DAKOTA.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Article on Front Page.]



THE OPENING OF THE FIGHT AT WOUNDED KNEE.—Drawn by Frederic Remington from a description by the Seventh Cavalry, engaged.—[See Article on Front Page.]

THE DECEITFULNESS OF RICHES.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"I EXPECT Adaline Oakes has got one of her poor spells again. She was to meetin' in a calico dress 'n' her old straw bonnet this freezin' weather. She hadn't nothin' over her but her little old summer shawl, 'n' she set up beside Sarah in her furs 'n' velvet bonnet, 'n' kep' a-shiverin' as if she enjoyed it." Matilda Rhodes took pains to tell all the news to her sister Nancy, who had "dizzy spells," and never went to church.

"I don' know but what you're too hard on Adaline, Matildy," said Nancy, as she helped herself to the cold baked beans, the inevitable Sunday dinner of all Corinna. "Sarah Oakes is high-minded, 'n' she ain't real savin', nor never was, nor her mother before her. She was a Hilferty, her mother was, and they was a wasteful set; she used her best chiny common, and had lace on her every-day nightcaps, 'n' her husband got so discouraged that he took to drinkin'. You'd 'a' thought Sarah might 'a' learned a lesson, but when squanderin' is in the blood, seems as if folks couldn't learn."

"Adaline is dretful tryin'. There ain't nothin' but what I can put up with easier'n oddity, so I can't help sympathizin' consid'able with Sarah," said Matilda.

"Folks that's got proputty has a right to expect to be put up with," returned Nancy, with decision.

"'N' Adaline ain't the only one that's tryin'. She was a-tellin' me that Sarah hain't hooked a rug for more'n two years; she'd ruther sell her rags to the tin peddler, when he won't pay her more'n a cent 'n' a half a pound for 'em; 'n' then nobody wouldn't watch him while he weighed 'em if Adaline didn't. If such ways as that ain't tryin', I don't know what is. I should fly all to pieces seein' such work if 'twas amongst strangers, 'n' of course Adaline has got the feelin's of an aunt, 'n' don't like to see Laban's inheritance goin' to distruction like that."

"'Tisn't much of an inheritance, anyhow. Seems as if they must be consid'able savin' to get along," persisted Matilda.

"I don't expect they could if it wa'n't for Adaline's board. She pays 'em two dollars a week reg'lar. Seems as if they needn't complain if she was a little mite peculiar."

"I don' know as they do complain. I don' know as ever I heard Sarah Oakes or Laban say a single word against Adaline," said Matilda.

"'Tain't always needful to speak right out. When folks is always a-complainin' of neuralagy, 'n' a-sayin' they're all wore out, it don't take college learnin' to make out what they mean. It's been a consid'able spell that I've known that neuralagy means Adaline when Sarah Oakes says it. But there, Matildy! when you take up for folks you *be* so unreasonable that 'tain't no use arguin' with you. 'Most seems as if you meant to be contr'y. I declare if I don't feel as if one of my dizzy spells is a-comin' on, you've worked me up so. 'N' 'tain't edifyin' conversation for the Sabbath, neither."

Matilda was silent, although her heart burned within her. The dizzy spells made it necessary that Nancy should have the last word.

"I guess I know how tryin' own folks can be," she murmured in privacy to the kitchen pump. "But I expect one that pays her board reg'lar can't be no worse tyrant than one that has dizzy spells."

"Them five eggs has fetched the crisis, Laban. I can't stand no more." Mrs. Sarah Oakes had followed her son to the barn, where he had gone to care for the horse Sunday noon. She was a large woman, of loose outlines and an inoffensive little chin. Her mild blue eyes were suffused with tears, and her large placid face was quivering. "I thought I should 'a' sunk through the floor. I never heard a word of the sermon. I never even heard the text, me that always enjoys my preachin'. She never went to meetin' like that before. Her poor spells has always happened to come along the fore part of the week, so she'd be a-gettin' over 'em by Sunday. I never thought she'd find out about them five eggs. She'd gone across the field to Mis' Tewksbury's with her patchwork, 'n' I hove the shells into the stove as quick as I broke 'em, for fear she'd come back 'n' ketch me. It's a dreadful poor sign to burn egg-shells; but, thinks I, comin' to want ain't nothin' compared to fetchin' on one of Adaline's spells. You see, I met Minervy Hackett, 'n' she did look so peaked, 'n' kep' a-coughin', 'n', thinks I, there ain't hardly enough of pork 'n' molasses to go round 'mongst them Hackett young ones, to say nothin' of comf'table victuals, 'n' I'm bound Minervy shall have something that's real good 'n' nourishin'. It goes agin me to make slops when I make a custard anyhow, 'n', thinks I, the pullets are beginnin' to lay, 'n' I ain't a-goin' to stay my hand. I carried it over after Adaline had gone to prayer-meetin'. I staid to home on purpose to get a chance, the Lord forgive me! for, thinks I, I don' know as savin' my soul is any more important than a-comfortin' that poor little cre'tur's insides. Says I to Mis' Hackett, 'It's for Minervy; it's a sick folks' custard, with five eggs in it'; for I expected them young ones would get hold of it, 'n' Minervy wouldn't get a mite. Mary Ellen Tewksbury was in the settin'-room 'n' heard me; 'n' if Adaline didn't hear about that custard with the five eggs in it before she got home from prayer-meetin'!"

"'Twas real too bad, mother," said Laban, feelingly, as he carefully measured the horse's allowance of oats.

He was a small and old-looking young man, with a very serious face, but his chin was even more inoffensive and retiring than his mother's.

"She kep' a-walkin' the floor, 'n' tellin' how old Mis' Junkins was treated over to the Maltby poor-house, 'n' I could hear her walkin' over my head all night long. I thought I should 'a' flew all to pieces. She said that if I'd 'a' carried a custard with five eggs in it to the minister, she could 'a' stood it, for she wanted the gospel to have free course and be glorified; but them shif'less Hacketts—"

"She'll get over it before long," said Laban, with the masculine tendency to take domestic difficulties lightly.

His mother ignored this hopeful suggestion. "'N' then to think she had to come 'n' wake me up before four o'clock yesterday mornin', when I hadn't but jest fell into a doze with her walkin' 'n' walkin', to tell me that she'd heard that Wealthy Briggs's folks ate pound for pound preserves jest as common as apple-sauce; 'n' she could tell me that her uncle Josephus's money wa'n't never goin' to be squandered by my son 'n' Luella Briggs. Laban, what *be* you made of that you ain't stirred up none by that?"

"Heigh there, Dolly! Don't be so handy with your hoofs," said Laban, composedly, to the mare. "What's the use o' gettin' het up, mother? 'Twon't do no good. We can't turn her out of the house, 'n' by to-morrow you'll be lecturin' me for not answerin' the forty-'leven questions she's always askin' me. I ought to respect her because she's my father's sister, 'n' has got money out at int'rest, so you say."

"She was a dretful trial to your poor father, 'n' I don't care if she does pay her board. I'd ruther go without victuals to eat than to be so thwarted all the time. I should like to know if they wa'n't my own eggs that my own pullets laid that I brought up from the time they was hatched, 'n' kept some of 'em in a basket behind the kitchen stove?" Mrs. Oakes's voice broke into a sob as she thus vividly set forth her wrongs. "'N' if I was courtin' a girl, I wouldn't let nobody hender me as you do," she continued, more vehemently. "If Luella Briggs ain't sick of bein' courted so slack, it's time she was. When I was a girl I shouldn't 'a' thought much of a young man that didn't darst to have me because he was afraid of his aunt."

Laban whistled softly.

"You ain't no real comfort in affliction, Laban, you're so dretful close-mouthed, jest like your father." Mrs. Oakes wept softly.

Laban walked across the barn to her side, and laid his hand affectionately upon her shoulder. "Look here, mother, if talkin' would make Aunt Adaline like other folks, or give you and me backbone enough to get rid of her, I'd talk a blue streak from now to the middle of next week; but it won't. She's here, 'n' she's own folks, 'n' she hain't got anywhere to go, 'n' she wouldn't go if she had; 'n' if I could get up spunk enough to tell her to go—'n' I don't expect I could—why, you wouldn't let me, 'n' you know it."

Mrs. Oakes uttered an inarticulate murmur.

"'N' as for Luella, she's high-spirited."

"So be I high-spirited, only I hain't had any chance to be," protested his mother, tearfully.

"She 'n' Aunt Adaline couldn't get along anyhow. She won't try it, 'n' I can't feel to blame her. She says it's her or Aunt Adaline. So there 'tis."

"'Tain't every young man that would put up with it," remarked Mrs. Oakes, with pathetic hitches in her speech.

"I've laid awake nights tryin' to think up some way out of it, 'n' I can't think of anything short of p'ison or stranglin'. You wouldn't recommend them, I suppose?"

But Mrs. Oakes was not disposed to be facetious. "Jeremiah's folks wouldn't have her, 'n' she couldn't put up with Cordely's rich pie crust," she said, meditatively. "She never was courted but once, 'n' that was Is'r'el Lake, 'n' she wouldn't have him for fear he was after her money."

"I ain't countin' on Aunt Adaline's gettin' married," said Laban, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Seems sometimes as if the Lord would open a way," said Mrs. Oakes, plaintively. "What *be* you a-countin' on, Laban?" she continued, with some asperity in her tones. "You're a-gettin' to be consid'able of an old bach, 'n' what's to hender a smart pretty girl like Luella Briggs from takin' up with somebody else? 'N' I'm *all* wore out. Thinks I to-day in meetin', 'Them five eggs has broke the camel's back.'"

"Something 'll turn up, mother," said Laban, encouragingly. "It always does when things get so bad that folks can't bear 'em."

"No, it don't, neither. It's jest because you're young that you think that," cried his mother, excitedly. "I've seen folks bear 'n' bear year in 'n' year out, twenty years, forty, fifty years, 'n' no relief come to 'em till they dropped into their graves. Seems as if the Lord didn't take no account of the trials people have from the wearin'ness of their own relations."

"'Tisn't as if you couldn't get along with her when she hain't got one of these poor spells," said Laban, after a moment of silence, in which he had evidently been casting about in his mind for a crumb of consolation. "And look here, mother"—as Mrs. Oakes showed signs of another despairing outburst—"I thought 'twa'n't best to tell you right away, but she's goin' to get over this spell quicker'n common."

"What are you a-talkin' about, Laban? If you've got anything encouragin' to tell—"

"Well, it ain't what you call real encouragin'," admitted Laban, with a grimace, "but I guess she'll have something to think of besides comin' to want. She's been one of them that's talked loudest about Mis' Briggs's not usin' gran'marm well, 'n' now they're a-goin' to church-maul her for it."

"Church-maul Adaline!" gasped Mrs. Oakes.

"Good land! I guess they won't tackle her," said Laban, with a chuckle. "They wouldn't darst to if she p'isoned the whole community. They're a-goin' to church-maul Mis' Wealthy Briggs for not treatin' gran'marm well."

"Oh Lord!" exclaimed Mrs. Oakes, sitting down upon the wheelbarrow. "I can't seem to sense it nohow. I don't believe it, Laban Oakes! How came you to hear of it when I hain't?"

"You wa'n't to church meetin' last time 'count of Aunt Libby bein' here from Orono. 'N' the deacons disagreed among themselves, 'n' they've tried to keep it dretful quiet. Deacon Pritchard's son Absalom told me about it 'most a week ago."

"Laban, you are sinful close-mouthed," interrupted his mother, feelingly.

"'N' yesterday Luella 'n' her mother was cryin' about it all day. Mis' Briggs, she got summonsed to appear before the church next Thursday afternoon to answer to charges of conduct unbecomin' a Christian."

"It's a burnin' shame!" cried Mrs. Oakes. "Wealthy Briggs has wore her fingers to the bone a-slavin' for that old woman that wa'n't a mite of relation to her, 'n' only a step-mother to her husband, 'n' she was dyin' sick for twenty years, 'n' there wa'n't nothin' in the world the matter with her exceptin' that she was too dretful hearty to her victuals. Folks can't set right still 'n' eat mince-pie 'n' sausages without gettin' upset in their insides 'n' wearin' in their dispositions. 'N' if Wealthy wouldn't let her have suet puddin' she'd holler out, 'Where's the thousand dollars that was give for my support?' 'N' she always thought the settin'-room part of the house belonged to her, because it was built new with the thousand dollars that Gran'ther Briggs left to his son for takin' care of her, 'n' she'd lock it up whenever she was a mind to. She'd ate up that thousand dollars as much as twice, 'n' she told what she wanted done with it when she was a-dyin'. I guess Wealthy Briggs 'n' I know what bein' slaves to riches is! They give gran'marm the interest of that thousand dollars for her clo'es every year reg'lar, 'n' yet she'd keep addin' it on; 'twas nigh upon three thousand dollars that she said she wanted divided 'mongst the heathen 'n' the new church. The minister that preached her funeral sermon said she was a mother in Isr'el, 'n' I expect she was; she'd been a professor more'n fifty years, 'n' I ain't goin' to say but what she was godly given, 'n' if it hadn't been for havin' all that money left, Wealthy could 'a' got along well enough with her. Riches is a terrible snare to poor human nater. She was always afraid she wa'n't gettin' the wuth of her money. If Luella had a new hair ribbon, she thought she was goin' to be scrimped of plum-puddin' to pay for it. 'Twas real tryin', 'n' if Wealthy spoke out sometimes I ain't one that blames her. I've had troubles near enough like it to feel for her."

"Aunt Adaline's told that she heard Mis' Briggs say to gran'marm the very day she died that she was an aggravatin' old woman, 'n' she didn't care if she did die."

"I don't believe she heard no such a thing!" cried Mrs. Oakes, hotly. "I shouldn't wonder a mite if Wealthy spoke out sometimes. I've heard her as much as say 't she did, but she never said that to gran'marm when she was so dretful sick. 'N' if Adaline had a-heard it, wouldn't she come right home 'n' told of it? She's always took a sight of comfort a-tellin' me 'n' you anything against the Briggses. I want to know if 'twas her that carried it into church meetin'?"

"She 'n' old Mis' Coombs was at the bottom of it, I guess," said Laban.

"The minister was ready enough for it, I'll warrant, he thought gran'marm was such a terrible great saint. I will say it sounded ridickerlous for him to say at the funeral that she was gently garnered because she was fully ripe for heaven, when everybody knew 'twas the second piece of mince-pie that Wealthy didn't want her to have that carried her off."

"You'll be gettin' cold, mother," said Laban.

"My blood is too het up for that," said Mrs. Oakes, rising energetically to her feet. "I don't care nothin' about Adaline nor her poor spells. I'm a-goin' to stan' up for Wealthy Briggs, that has always been a good friend to me, 'n' well knows what I have to put up with."

Mrs. Oakes passed through the wood-shed with the same defiant courage, but her hand faltered on the latch of the kitchen door. For these many years had her flesh and spirit quailed before Adaline's "poor spells."

Adaline was already seated at the table, eating cold beans.

"I was a-goin' to warm 'em, Adaline," said Mrs. Oakes, timidly.

"There's some that can afford to waste fire, and precious time too, even if it's the Lord's; but I ain't one of 'em," said Adaline, grimly.

Mrs. Oakes hesitated. She was in the habit of making conciliatory answers to remarks of this kind, but this time she made none. She went into the pantry, and reappeared with an apple-pie, which she firmly put into the oven. No such luxury had ever before been eaten during the continuance of one of Adaline's "poor spells."

"I don't know what you be a-thinkin' of, Sarah, feastin' on apple-pies with poverty a-starin' you in the face. Marthy Judkins acted jest so before she was took light-headed. I'm able to pay for my board reg'lar, but I can put up with common victuals. I ain't one of them that my mother ruined my father by extravagance. You've brought your son up so's't he's jest fit to marry Wealthy Briggs's daughter that wears a silk dress common—"

"Wealthy Briggs is a good woman as ever lived, 'n' I hope them that's a-slanderin' her will get their come-upance," interrupted Mrs. Oakes, with a hardihood which almost took her own breath away.

Adaline's spoon dropped with a clatter, and she turned a startled face toward her sister-in-law. "I never was one to be too ready to believe folks wa'n't what they'd ought to be, but I can't help believin' my own ears. 'N' when a Christian duty is set before me as plain as what 'Lizabuth Coombs has set it, I ain't one to flinch, neighbors or no neighbors," she said.

"'N' there ain't nothin' but bein' tongue-tied that's a-goin' to hender me from stan'in' up for Wealthy Briggs," said Mrs. Oakes, with a heart as single as her metaphor was mixed.

Adaline stared at her for a moment in grim amazement; then she set her chair back against the wall, and walked rigidly up stairs to her garret. Adaline had always loved a garret, and would sleep nowhere else. "She was so budgetty that nothin' else wouldn't hold her," Mrs. Oakes said. The great unfinished room was half filled with bundles and boxes containing the savings and accumulations of Adaline's earthly pilgrimage. There were innumerable garments so overlaid with patches that the original material was scarcely discoverable. There were the hooks and eyes, buttons, and whalebones, and trimmings of every dress she had worn; the toys and picture-books of her childhood, worn only by time, with a host of unconsidered trifles, from a disabled egg-beater and some broken door latches to the discarded stove of the old church. A quilting frame in one corner, and hooked rugs of all sizes and patterns upon the floor, bore witness to Adaline's industry. The place was daintily clean, but the air was heavy with the camphor which was necessary to preserve Adaline's treasures from the devouring moth.

"I declare I feel real kind of faint 'n' dizzy havin' Sarah fly at me so," she said to herself as she sank into her old-fashioned rocking-chair. "After all the money I've paid her, 'n' kep' her head above-water so many years! Seems as if bein' so numb 'n' shivery as I was in meetin' has flew to my head too. Folks hadn't ought to get cold settin' a good example, but I don' know but what I have. 'N' broodin' so over what Sarah 'n' Laban are a-comin' to wears me all out. Whenever she does anything wastefuler'n common, 'n' I have to bear witness against it, I get to feelin' jest so. 'Twas kind of hard to have Isr'el Lake, that I hain't seen for fifteen years, set there a-starin' at me in meetin'. I expect he thought nothin' but what I'd come to poverty. But if he's took the tavern over to the Corner, as they say, he'll find out that 'tain't so. I don' know but what I should 'a' been better off to 'a' had him, but there's so many men that squanders their wives' proputty. He's a savin' man, though, by all accounts. But what Sarah 'n' Laban would 'a' done without the money that I've let 'em have— 'N' I don't look for no comfort 'n' no gratitude in this world."

Bitter, unaccustomed tears filled Adaline's faded eyes. Her spirit was bruised with a sense of injury and misapprehension.

"I'm 'most sorry that I said anything to 'Lizabuth Coombs about what I overheard. I knew if I told Sarah of it she'd go right straight to Wealthy Briggs with it, 'n' she'd say, as like as not, that she was only talkin' to herself. But dyin' folks's ears are sharp, if the door of gran'marm's bedroom was shut. 'N' I don' know as it was. I hain't never said that 'twas or 'twan't. I declare it seems as if I should be drove crazy. If I can hender Laban from havin' Luella Briggs, that 'll certain bring him to the poorhouse. I hadn't ought to flinch, but it seems as if them that can pay their way like me had ought to live easier."

Adaline wore her winter cloak to church in the afternoon over her calico dress, and Sarah was aware that Laban had been right in his prophecy that the poor spell was to be of unusually short duration. But she said to herself valiantly that she didn't care anyway; that she would never again allow herself to be "sat upon" by Adaline.

The secret of the extra church meeting which had been announced from the pulpit had leaked out, and the rights and wrongs of the case were heatedly discussed as the congregation left the church. Adaline and her friend Mrs. Elizabeth Coombs—a woman whose extreme breadth of person was in ludicrous contrast to Adalina's wiry scantiness—walked aloof from the others in uncompromising severity, while Luella Briggs, in a new hat and feather, openly made faces at them.

"Corinna's gettin' to be consid'able lively; don' know but what we shall have to start a newspaper," said Laban, Monday morning, as he arose from the breakfast table, at which Adaline had been rigid, but had not mentioned the poorhouse.

"What are you a-bein' close-mouthed about now, Laban?" said his mother, piteously.

"Right on top of Isr'el Lake's buyin' the tavern, 'n' folks's bein' church-mauled, there's a big failure. Payson Bradley up to the Corner has gone all to smash; they've put an attachment on the mills. The creditors won't get a cent. Well, he don't owe me nothin'," added Laban, facetiously.

"'Tain't true; 'tain't no such a thing! Ketch me, Sarah; I'm dizzy again! He's jest as firm as the meetin'-house." Adalina had risen, and was clutching at a chair back for support. "Why, he's worth fifty thousand dollars. He's been payin' me six per cent. right along."

"Why, Adaline, I thought your money was in the bank," exclaimed Sarah Oakes.

"I 'ain't never been one to tell folks where my money was," said Adaline. "But 'tain't true, is it, Sarah? You hain't no idea that it's true, have you?" she cried, weakening suddenly, and raising her voice to a shrill staccato. "I hadn't ought to 'a risked it, but he said it wouldn't be riskin' nothin', 'n' I wa'n't gettin' but four per cent. in the bank. You don't suppose it can be all swep' away, do you, Sarah? My whole five thousan' dollars!"

"'Tain't no use to believe it till you find out for sure, anyhow," said Sarah, consolingly. "Such things is apt to be exaggerated."

"'N' I'd saved consid'able out of the interest, 'n' I let him have that last spring, when he was buildin' the new mill. I hain't got but a hundred 'n' fifty dollars in the world! Don't stan' there a-gawpin', Laban! Say you don't believe it's true!"

"Don't take on so, Adaline! You do look dretful. 'Tain't as if money was everything," said Sarah Oakes, wiping her eyes with her apron. Her honest heart was quite melted at the sight of Adaline's distress. "'N' 'tain't as if you hadn't folks that wouldn't let you want. Laban 'n' I wouldn't never think nothin' about the board, would we, Laban? 'S long as we have anything you're more'n welcome to it."

"'Tain't me that's come to this, is it?" gasped Adaline; "me that was always so savin'. I'll kind of—kind of go up stairs. Let me alone, Sarah! You're real well-meanin', but I've got to be alone to sense it."

"Laban, hain't you got no feelin's?" demanded his mother, as the door closed upon Adaline. "Can't you do nothin' to help her?"

"Wouldn't if I could. I expect we've struck a real streak of luck, mother. No more rich relations in ours." And Laban, who had the wrongs of Luella Briggs's mother fresh in his mind, went off whistling.

Adaline went up stairs and began to set her garret in order, with a confused feeling that she was going to die.

"I must 'a' come to an end. I couldn't live with nobody without I could pay my board reg'lar," she said to herself. "I can't have folks a-ridin' cock-horse over me."

The bad feeling in her head increased so that she was forced to lie down, and that night Sarah sent for the doctor. Adaline was very ill for two days, but there was no concealing from her the truth of the utter loss of her money. She insisted upon hearing all particulars, and when Thursday came she was up and dressed and ready for the church meeting.

"You go 'long of me, Sarah," she said. "I don't want no more of 'Lizabuth Coombs." There had been great reticence between the sisters-in-law through Adaline's illness. Sarah had shown her sympathy by tears and a fussy tenderness, which Adaline had received in silence, although it always irritated her. "I expect I hain't always thought enough of you, Sarah; 'n' I've been too hard on you for not bein' as savin' as you'd ought to be. I've been too worldly minded, 'n' set my heart on riches.

"No—no, you hain't," stammered Sarah. "It's nat'ral for them that has proputty to be set up by it; 'n' I'd ought to have hooked more rugs, if it is kind of wearisome when you be so fleshy, 'n' not frosted my cake so common; 'n'—'n' I expect we're all some tryin' to each other in this world."

Adaline arose in the church meeting uninvited as soon as the minister had finished his prayer. "'S long as 'twas me that set this wickedness a-goin', it's for me to stop it, so far forth as I can," she said. "I've slandered Sister Wealthy Briggs for my own worldly minded ends. Yes, I have, Sarah, 'n' you needn't try to pull me down. The Lord He's pulled me down to show me what I be. I heard Sister Briggs say jest what I said I did; but she never said it to gran'marm, nor where she could hear her. She was jest a-givin' way all alone in the pantry, as the best of us has give way sometimes. 'N' them that knows what she had to put up with—without no reflections upon them that's dead 'n' gone—won't feel to blame her."

The tear-broken voice of Sister Wealthy Briggs burst forth as Adaline sat down:

"I have give way sometimes to gran'marm herself. Seemed as if I hadn't no grace to resist when I'd been ironin'; but I never said nothin' so bad as that to her—never!"

There were some confused remarks by the deacons and the minister to the effect that the charges had not been sustained, and some one was happily inspired to suggest some other business which ought to come before the meeting; and when the exercises were over, Adaline and Mrs. Wealthy Briggs walked home together.

Laban and Luella were married that winter, and in the spring Adaline became the wife of her old lover, Israel Lake, the tavern-keeper.

"It was more for the sake of gettin' where she shouldn't feel as if she'd ought to pay her board than for anything else," she frankly admitted to her wooer himself. On the day before her wedding she presented Luella with her box of buttons.

"La! you'd better keep 'em. They'd do you a sight more good than they would me," said Luella, frankly. "When I have a new dress the buttons on it are goin' to be all alike."

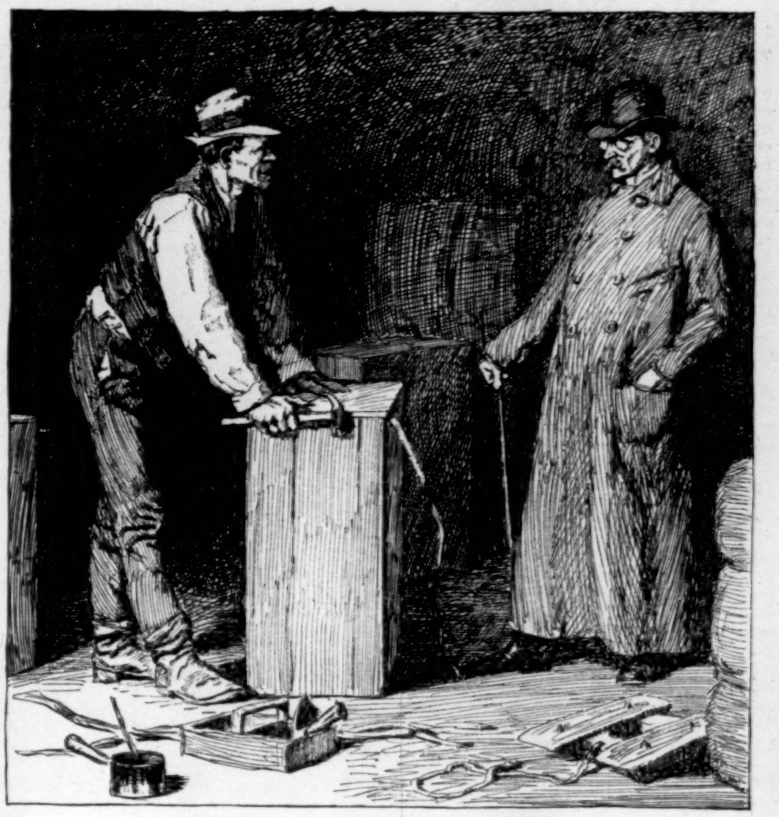
"You can kind of hide 'em under the trimmin's; 'n' it does seem a pity to keep buyin' 'em," said Adaline.

"I like real handsome buttons, 'n' a good full set," said Luella, uncompromisingly; "'n' I'm a-goin' to have 'em."

"I hain't got no influence now I hain't got no money," said Adaline to herself, bitterly.

She turned back after she had gone out to the wagon, where her bridegroom waited. She had only taken time to tuck the box of buttons carefully under the seat. She took a five-dollar bill from her purse, and gave it to Luella.

"I didn't give you no weddin' present, 'n' I want you should take it," she said. "I've got a hundred dollars, 'n', after all, *he* may be squanderin'."



THE BEST MAN.

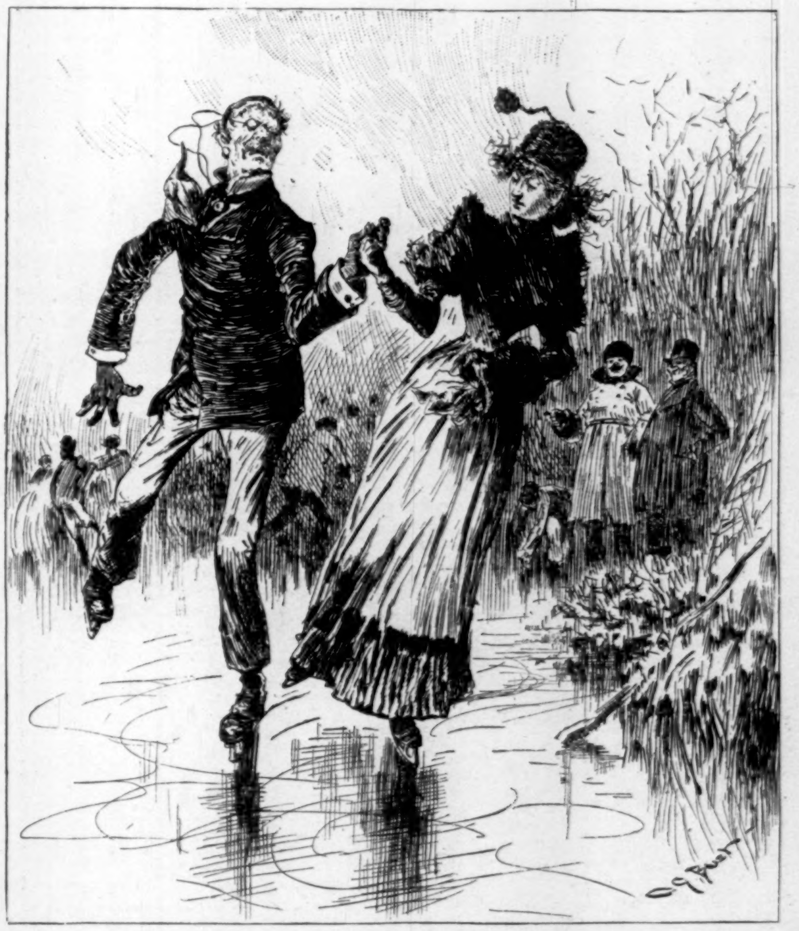
GENTLEMAN. "I hear you're going to get married next week, Pat."
PAT. "Indade, sir, I am, an' to the foinest girrul in the country."
GENTLEMAN. "Who'll be the best man, Pat, at the wedding?"
PAT. "Barrin' his Riverince, sorr, it's mesilf that will be the best man that iver put fut in a church."

WINTERS, PAST AND PRESENT.

According to recent despatches from the Old World it is apparent that a winter of unusual severity has bound all England and the Continent with chains of ice. From John o' Groat's House to Land's End the country is covered with snow and ice. There is skating on the Thames above and below Oxford for miles. Above Teddington, where the tidal water ends, the ice is eight inches thick. Belgium, Holland, and North Germany are blocked with ice along their coasts. The Seine is full of ice, and the Saône is frozen. Along the Rhine snow-drifts seventeen feet in depth are piled in places, and Bavaria is hidden beneath a mantle of white. Northern Italy has been visited with weather such as the present generation has never felt, and railways are blocked with snow at Mantua, Turin, and Milan. Snow has fallen in Spain, and orange groves in Valencia ruined by frosts. And down in Algiers, and for some distance inland, snow and hail have wrought havoc and ruin. Such are the reports that come to us, coupled with tales of distress and misery among the poorer classes. A winter like this is unusual, but not unparalleled. Some faint-hearted people, who have read the claims of the scientists that in some five millions of years the sun will have ceased to give forth any heat, are assured in this belief by a winter such as the present. But nothing is so uncertain as the weather, for it is recorded that as far back as 404 A.D. the *Pontus Euxinus*, or Black Sea, was frozen over for twenty days, and the faint-hearted ones will not deny that since then we have experienced several extremely mild winters. From October, 763, until February, 764, the two seas at Constantinople were frozen for a hundred miles from shore, and on Midsummer Day in the year 1035 the fruits in England are said to have been destroyed by frost. As for the ice-bound Thames, of which so much is said this year, the chronicles of 1063 say that for fourteen weeks the river was frozen. In 1433–4 again the same is related, and carriages passed over from Lambeth to Westminster in 1515. There were sports and diversions on the Thames during the Christmas season of 1564, and also in 1607; and of December, 1683, to February, 1684, this melancholy account is given: "The forest-trees and even the oaks in England split by the frost; most of the hollies were killed; the Thames covered with ice eleven inches thick; and nearly all the birds perished." Like reports have been made oft and again since then, the last exceptional winter occurring in 1855.

The Continent also furnishes parallels of severe winters running back 1400 years. The Cattegat was entirely frozen over in 1204, and horses and men passed from Denmark to Sweden over the frozen Baltic in 1460. Four years later it is recorded that the weather was so severe in Flanders that wine distributed at the time was cut with hatchets. The Rhine, the Scheldt, and the sea at Venice, were frozen in 1594. Ice covered the Hellespont and the Zuyder Zee as well as all the rivers in Europe in the year 1622, and Charles X. of Sweden conducted his entire army over the Little Belt on the ice from Holstein to Denmark in 1658. Wolves, rendered desperate by the cold in 1691, entered Vienna and attacked men and cattle; and in the early part of 1849 the frosts in Norway were so intense that quicksilver froze, and persons exposed to the air lost their breath.

These records might be continued at pleasure, but the instances cited go to show that the present reign of cold is not unprecedented. And who forgets the March blizzard of 1888, which held the Eastern States in thrall? That venerable being, the "oldest inhabitant," received a death-blow at that time, for such a state of things was never equalled in his memory, and if it had been no credence would have been given to any word of his. That blizzard will be a wonderful thing to tell of sixty years from now, and a plain unvarnished statement of the storm will cause the coming generation to blush for their mendacious grandsires, even though history bear out their statements. The "blizzard," however, was short-lived, though its effects were lasting, and New York was visited by greater cold in 1780, when the Bay was entirely frozen and teams crossed on the ice. In 1821 the Bay was again frozen. The mercury congealed in northern Indiana in 1855, and in 1881 the thermometer registered zero in Mobile, Alabama. To offset these examples of extreme cold there are numerous records of extremely mild winters, which have followed each other for years, and have been the rule rather than the exception. Scientists will speculate, and seek to prove their theories regarding the weather by the examples of a dozen or fifty years, and then the winter that follows will completely upset all ideas by a simple repetition of history. Mild winters and severe winters will probably continue as in years past, and though some decided climatic changes may be traced to certain altered conditions of landscape and watercourses, the historian will ever continue to add instances of exceptional cold, and scientists will continue to advance new theories regarding causes. The uncertainty of life is a favorite speculation, but the weather can safely be said to be the most uncertain element that enters into existence.

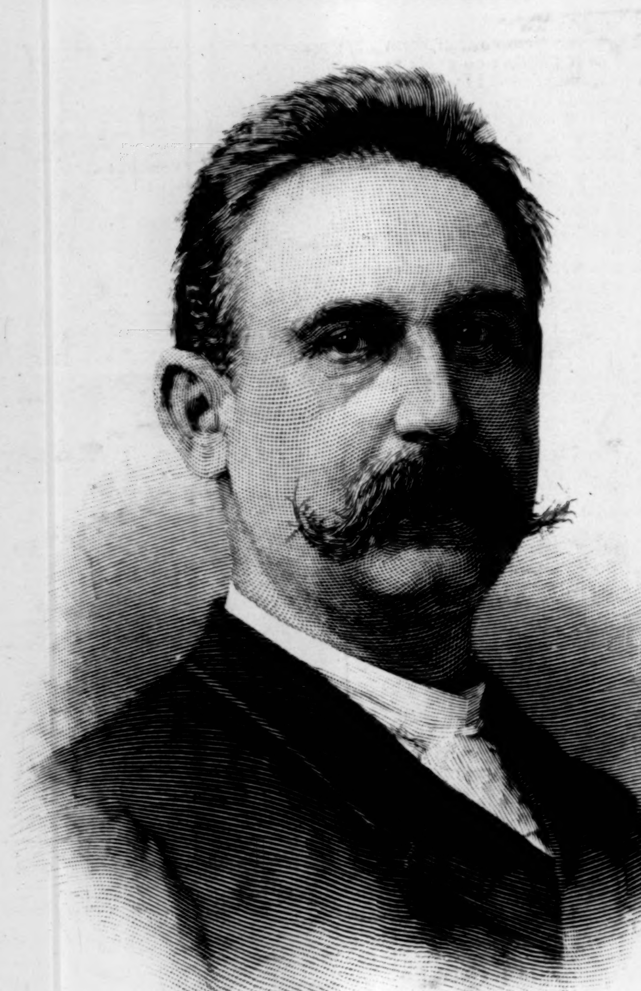


RUDE.

"I fear I am going too fast for you, Mr. Fetherwade."
"Oh, n-n-no, not a b-b-bit, but I'd like to stop a m-m-minute, just to go back and ask that wude f-f-fellow what he meant by saying you weminded him of a symphonic p-p-poem badly con-con-conducted."

XAVER SCHARWENKA.

The coming of a musician to America for the purpose of appearing in our concert-rooms in the twofold capacity of composer and performer (possibly, also, in a threefold capacity, if opportunity should offer for an exercise of his skill as conductor) is an occurrence far enough out of the ordinary to invite some words of comment and introduction. Xaver Scharwenka invites broader and deeper interest by coming under such circumstances than if the purpose of his visit were the common one of the peripatetic virtuoso. Rubinstein, himself the finest combination of the creative and reproductive musician that ever visited our shores, has uttered the dictum that musical composition stopped short with the death of Chopin. The dictum, which, it is to be feared, contains a pretty strong personal equation, is somewhat too harsh to meet with general acceptance. It is surely unjust to the compositions of him who uttered it, and may even be thought to require interpretation in the presence of that small coterie of Chopin's *epigonoi*, of which the two Scharwenkas, Xaver and Philip, and Moritz Moszkowski are the shining lights. Fifteen years ago these names were associated in the critical as well as the popular mind with little else than music of the *salon*—graceful and airy trifles, the occupation of a careless moment. Now the larger forms are engrossing their attention; and since all the members of the coterie are still comparatively young men, it may be said that their account with the Muses has only been opened. Even Rubinstein's dictum will not tempt the world, more curious and anxious than ever before to observe the career of a genius, to strike a balance, and rule off the page.



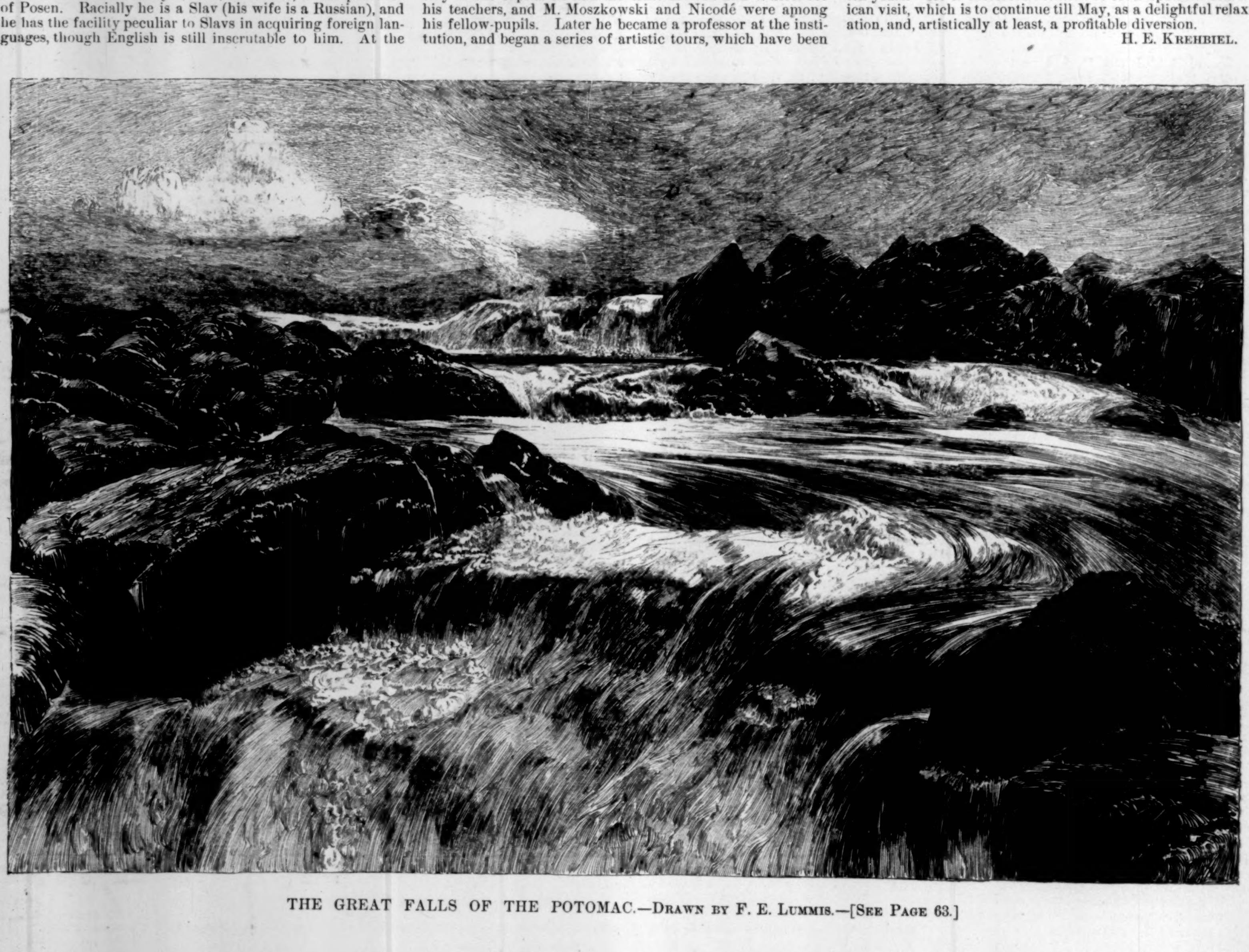
XAVER SCHARWENKA.—From a Photograph by Falk.

Of the Scharwenka brothers, whose names have been made familiar by the many American pupils who have studied at their conservatory in Berlin, as well as by their compositions, Xaver is the younger by three years. In his own estimation his life has not been eventful. "I have never been an alderman," he writes, "nor held a position under the government. I have never aspired to the position of general superintendent of any public art institute, nor have I ever desired to become superintendent of the police force. I have always paid my taxes promptly (when able), been vaccinated according to regulations, served in the army from 1873 to 1874 in compliance with the law, held some positions of municipal trust, and got married in 1877." Such a *curriculum vitæ* may be droll; it is surely not romantic. But this is not the fault of Herr Scharwenka or his parents. The romantic element in musical biography has been stifled by the spirit of the age; yet even if it had not been, Herr Scharwenka's freedom from the ordinary affectations of the artistic tribe would have dissuaded him from exploiting such stories of youthful precocity as used to be the staple of the life sketches of artists. He was born on January 6, 1850, at Samter, in the province of Posen. Racially he is a Slav (his wife is a Russian), and he has the facility peculiar to Slavs in acquiring foreign languages, though English is still inscrutable to him. At the Gymnasium in Posen, whither his family went in 1854, he acquired something more than the "small Latin" which helps the youthful subject of Prussia to reduce the obligatory military service to that exacted of an "einjähriger Freiwilliger." There, too, his musical studies were begun, though they assumed no special importance in his intellectual activities till he went to Berlin in 1865. At Kullak's Academy in the capital he had the elder Kullak and Wuerst for his teachers, and M. Moszkowski and Nicodé were among his fellow-pupils. Later he became a professor at the institution, and began a series of artistic tours, which have been extended over Germany, Russia, Austria, Hungary, Sweden, Norway, Belgium, and England. Last summer he came to New York on a short visit, and then formed the plan for his present visit, which has for its purpose the giving of concerts in the majority of the larger cities of the country. His conservatory in Berlin was founded by him in 1881.

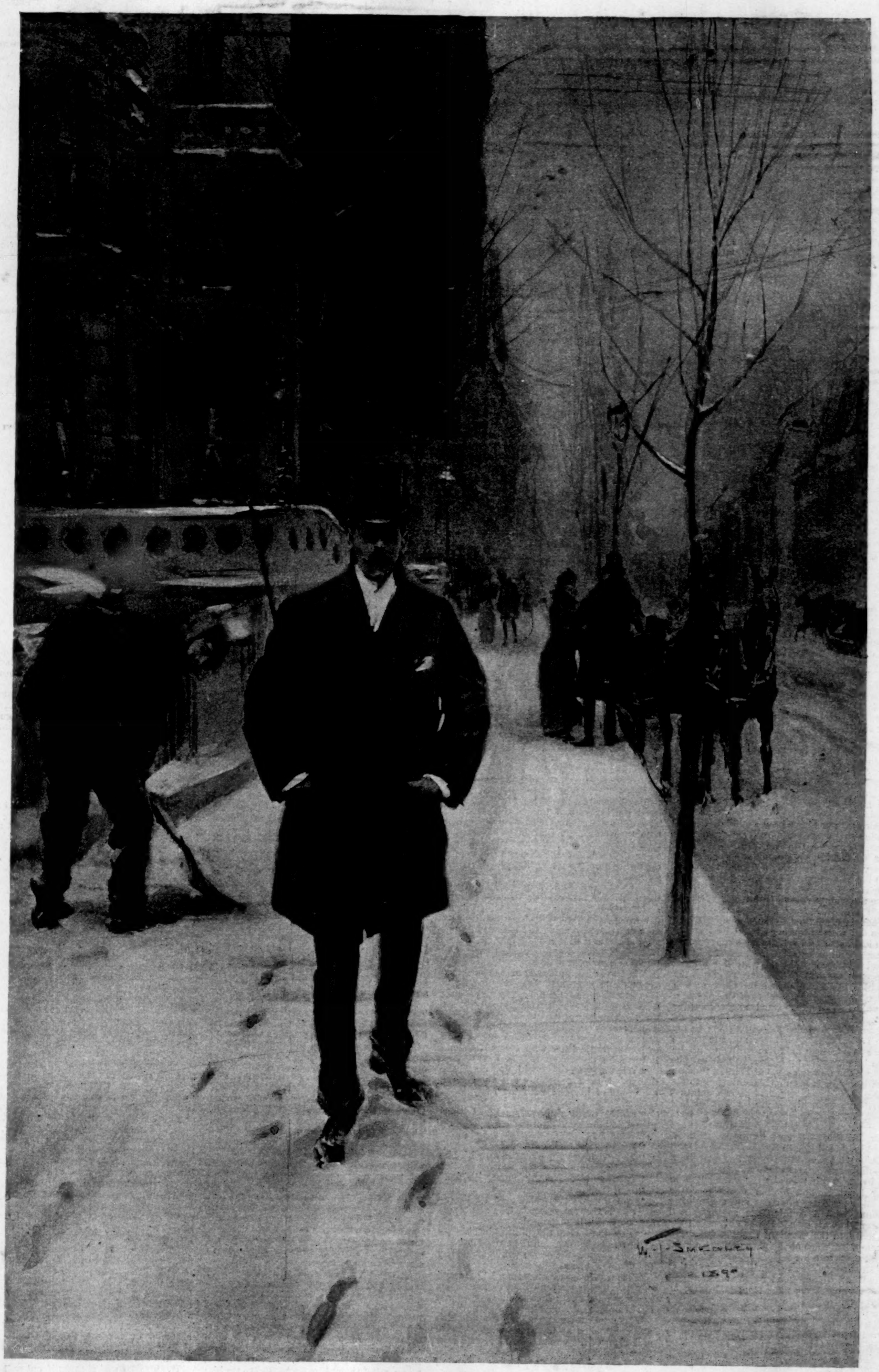
That Herr Scharwenka is a handsome man is told by his portrait. He is large of frame, but active physically and mentally. His conversation is animated, incisive, varied. His nature is capitally reflected in the finest of his works for piano-forte that has been heard in the American metropolis—the concerto in B-flat minor. Only as an episode in the first division, an *allegro patetico*, is a slow movement admitted to the work. The music, especially the scherzo, is eager, energetic, impetuous, fiery. His published works include this and another piano-forte concerto, a symphony in C minor, a quartet for piano-forte and strings, two trios, two sonatas for piano-forte, one for violoncello, one for viola, and a number of songs and *salon* pieces. His last work, on the completion of which he is now engaged, is a grand opera in three acts, entitled *Mataswintha*, two excerpts from which are to be performed at his first concert in New York. In this score Herr Scharwenka has frankly placed himself among the adherents of the modern dramatic style of writing who derive their methods measurably from Wagner. The opera is projected on a large scale, and is too full of external and internal action to admit the complacent reeling off of the old forms which were carried over into the lyric drama from instrumental music. It tells a story in connection with the fall of the Ostrogothic kingdom in Italy after the death of Theodoric the Great in the sixth century of our era. The book is drawn from Felix Dahn's romance *Ein Kampf um Rom*. Mataswintha, the tragic heroine in this tale, is a granddaughter of Theodoric, who, finding that her love is not requited by Vitiges, the soldier-king elected as Theodoric's successor, conspires with the enemies of her people, and aids Belisarius to destroy the Ostrogothic monarchy, and restore Byzantine authority in Italy, only to be stricken by remorse at the sight of the corpse of Vitiges and the consequences of her insane rage. She sets fire to a granary in the imperial city of Ravenna, and seeks death in the flames *à la* Brünnhilde. The story has an infusion of historical elements, and is well adapted to operatic ends. Herr Scharwenka planned the book, but left the writing of the lines to a friend. He has completed the composition of the music, and is now engaged on the orchestration.

In each department of musical activity Herr Scharwenka has won distinction. Composer he must remain on impulse. Virtuoso he was in the early part of his career. Pedagogue he has been, with scarcely a day of interruption, for the last ten years. He is therefore inclined to look upon his American visit, which is to continue till May, as a delightful relaxation, and, artistically at least, a profitable diversion.

H. E. Krehbiel.



THE GREAT FALLS OF THE POTOMAC.—Drawn by F. E. Lummis.—[See Page 63.]


W. T. SMEDLEY
1890

ON THE AVENUE.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Poem on Page 70.]

ON THE AVENUE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONTENTMENT.

Adown the avenue he walks, his mind
Toward them, a moment since passed by, inclined.
The maid he once did love he sees with him
Who was his rival, and his eyes grow dim
With tears he can't suppress. But soon his care
On sudden lifts. The bracing winter air
Invigorates him, and a happy thought
He seems, upon reflection, to have caught,
And this it is: Why am I not content
With what I am and have? Why have I spent
So many moments of downhearted woe
Because a simple maiden answered "No"?
Suppose that answer had been "Yes"; what, then?
Would I, in truth, be happiest of men?
Then had she drooped and wilted like the rose,
Would this not be the greatest of all woes?
Or should I chance to die, would this not place
The mark of sorrow on her happy face
Were she the partner of my humble life,
The sharer of its troubles and its strife?
'Tis better thus. No more shall I lament,
But go my way, and smile in blest content.

So much for him. Then what of yonder lad
Who shovels snow to live? Is he ne'er sad?
He is for just one moment when he notes
Our promenading friend, his coat of coats,
His hat—a fashionable one—and tie,
The like of which doth make poor Patsy sigh
In very enviousness; the general style
Of chappie rouses all his jealous bile.
Then Patsy thinks—a rare conception this—
How chappie's life cannot be all pure bliss.
He knows—'tis instinct in him—how that he
Would fairly burst with undiluted glee
Could he but roll yon soft and flaky snow
Into an icy ball, and let that go
With all his force across poor chappie's path,
And make him victim of his jealous wrath.
Which thought doth soothe his troubled soul and sad,
And leaves him in his heart both blithe and glad,
Because *his* dress doth make him all exempt
From wiles of those whom men like chappie tempt.
His momentary jealousy is spent,
And he is, like the other, most content.

As for the man and maiden in the sleigh,
They twain are both contented anyway.

John Kendrick Bangs.

A PILGRIM IN THE FAR WEST.

BY ANNA FULLER.

Pike's Peak was superb that morning, big and strong, and glittering with snow. Little Mrs. Nancy Tarbell turned, after shutting and locking the door of her cottage, and looked down the street, at the end of which the friendly giant stood out against a clear blue sky. The cotton-wood-trees on either side of the road were just coming into leaf, and their extended branches framed in her mighty neighbor in a most becoming manner. The water in the irrigating ditch beneath the trees was running merrily. The sound of it brought a wistful look into the cheerful old face. It made Mrs. Nancy think of the gay little brook in the pasture behind the house at home—at home, in far New England.

Surely it must have been a strange wind of destiny that wafted this unadventurous little woman across half a continent to the very foot of the Rocky Mountains—a long and weary journey for the young and vigorous. Yet it was something no stranger than a mother's love for her only child. For "Willie's" sake the widow Tarbell had turned her back upon the dear New England woods and meadows, upon the tidy village where every man and woman was her friend; for his sake she had come to dwell among strangers in a strange and barren land. The old homestead had been sold, and with the meagre proceeds she had paid their way across the prairies, and had bought a little house and a lot of land on the outskirts of this Western town, while Willie looked about him for something to do. But the enemy before whom they had fled followed them to the high pure altitude it loves not, and before poor Willie had found anything to do, he had been "called up higher." This was the phrase the minister used at Willie's funeral, and it had been peculiarly comforting to the bereaved mother. She had known well that her boy needed higher air, for that she had come to live six thousand feet above the level of the New England pastures. But the Lord saw that she, with her poor human wisdom, could not lead him to the needed height, and He, in His loving providence, had called him up higher yet, where are blessing and healing forever. With this abiding consolation in her heart Willie's mother could face the shining peak day after day and month after month with a countenance as brave and cheerful as his own. It was only when she listened to the sound of running waters, or some other voice of the past, that the wistful look came into her face.

Meanwhile it was good life-giving air that she breathed, and good warm sunshine that rested upon her, as she stepped briskly on her way. Her little cottage was no longer on the outskirts of the town. Stately mansions had risen up about her, and a long procession of houses now stretched far up to the northward. The people idly looking forth from the windows of the stately mansions did not realize how much a part of the landscape the little black figure had become, passing and repassing their doors. A small meek figure it was, with little indication of the bright spirit within. It was her "best dress" of ten years ago that she now "wore common." The folds of the skirt, cut in the fashion of a by-gone day, offered ample accommodation for bustle and steels, and in the absence of these props the gown had a collapsed, inconsequent air. But little Mrs. Nancy had never seen her own back, and she wore the gown with a pleased consciousness of being well dressed. Then there was the thin cashmere shoulder cape, with the long slimpsy fringe, which Willie, in his pride and fondness, had persuaded her to buy, and which had a curiously jaunty and inapt appearance on the narrow shoulders. The close black felt bonnet was rusty and of antiquated shape. And since few ever thought of looking within these prosaic externals to note the delicacy of the soft old cheek, and the sweet innocence of the faded blue eyes beneath the thin gray locks, it is perhaps no wonder that the dwellers in the stately mansions quite overlooked their modest little neighbor.

Mrs. Nancy was expecting to bring back her marketing in the flat twine bag she carried, and she was also thinking of calling at the milliner's, and inquiring the cost of having her old black straw bonnet pressed over and retrimmed. She held her purse tightly between her fingers, encased in loose black cotton gloves, as she tried to estimate the sum of such an unwonted outlay. Her means were very, very slender, yet she couldn't bear that Willie's mother should look too shabby.

And was that all? Who knows but that the spring instinct of renewal and rejuvenation played a part in her resolve quite independent of the perennial thought of Willie? The drama of life does not cease even in the most unobtrusive consciousness. It was going on in little Mrs. Nancy's brain at every step of her morning walk. As the shriek of a locomotive rent the air a bright smile suddenly crossed her face. Her thoughts had taken a different and more inspiring turn.

"Who knows?" she said to herself. "Maybe that is the very engine that will take me home some day—when Atchison begins to pay again."

The noisy engines had always a reassuring sound to her ears. She would sometimes lie in bed listening with rapture to their discordant cries. They were the willing servants that would one day carry her eastward, miles upon miles, hours upon hours—eastward to the old home, within smell of the salt air, where there were familiar faces to welcome her, familiar voices to speak of Willie.

The people here, the few she knew, were very kind, but they seemed to have forgotten Willie, and she was shy of speaking of him. But all the home folks would flock to meet her, and to hear of his last brave hours. How glad they would be to know that he had lacked nothing! Atchison had given them all they needed while Willie was alive. She blessed Heaven for that.

She had arrived in the business part of the town, where wagons and foot-passengers thronged at this hour of the morning. She willingly let them divert her thoughts. She liked the bustle and hurry of the scene. The well-dressed men and women in their trim turn-outs little guessed what pleasure their high-stepping horses and silver-mounted harnesses gave to the modest little woman threading her way among the people on the sidewalk.

Suddenly Mrs. Nancy's pleased survey of the scene was interrupted. Glancing down a side street she beheld a sight which made her heart beat hard. A big, rough-looking man was striding along the sidewalk, dragging at the end of a long pole a frightened white dog. The dog was pulling back with might and main, scarcely using its unwilling legs in its enforced progress over the ground. What could it mean? Was the dog mad? He looked harmless enough. They were only a few rods off, and Mrs. Nancy soon overtook them. The dog proved to be a small white collie, and as she came up with him he gave her an appealing look out of his great brown eyes, which filled her with compassion and indignation.

"What are you doing with that dog?" she demanded, in a peremptory tone of voice quite out of keeping with the rusty black bonnet.

"Doin'?" repeated the man, somewhat surprised. "I'm takin' him to the City Hall."

"What for?"

"He 'ain't got no license on."

"And what are you going to do with him when you get him there?"

"*I* ain't goin' to do nothin' more with him."

"Will they put a license on him?"

"Not much! He won't need no license after to-morrow morning." The man's grin seemed perfectly diabolical.

"You don't mean they'll kill him?"

"I reckon that's about the size of it."

"But suppose the owner would rather pay the license?" she urged.

"Then he'd better step round lively and pay it. There ain't no time to lose. The law was on the 1st of May, and the owner 'd ought to have attended to it before now."

The unutterable tragedy of the situation was heightened by the needless humiliation and terror of the victim, and once again Mrs. Nancy protested.

"What makes you drag him at the end of that pole?"

"I ain't goin' to give him a chance at my breeches, not if I knows myself," replied the man, defiantly.

"He wouldn't hurt your pantaloons. See how gentle he is!" and the little woman pulled off her gloves to pat the pretty white head. As the grateful creature licked her hand she felt a thrill of new pity and tenderness. By this time they were at the City Hall. "What do you have to pay for a license?" she asked.

"Two good solid dollars," said the man. "I never seen a dog yet that was worth that money, did you?" And dog and persecutor disappeared together within a sinister-looking basement door.

Mrs. Nancy Tarbell stood for a moment irresolute, and then she slowly wended her way along the sidewalk, pondering the thing she had seen. Two dollars! That was a large sum of money in these hard times. Could she possibly spare it? She did not know yet what her tax bill would be, but for some unexplained reason it turned out to be larger every year. She supposed it was owing to the improvements they were making in the town, and she had too much self-respect to protest. But it was really getting to be a serious matter.

In her perplexity and absorption the little lady had turned eastward, and presently she found herself close upon a railroad track over which a freight train was slowly passing. It was the Atchison road, and she watched with interest the long, slow train.

"They appear to be doing a good business," she said to herself. "Seems as though they might make out to pay something or other."

When the train had passed she stepped across the track, looking with interest at the well-laid rails and the solid ties. "Queer, isn't it?" she thought. "Now I own six thousand dollars' worth of that track, and yet I can't squeeze out of it enough to pay a poor little dog's license."

She never could think without a feeling of awe of the magnitude of the sum left her by her thrifty husband, the bulk of which sum was represented by those unfruitful certificates. She stooped and felt the rails, looking cautiously up and down the road to be sure no train was coming. After all, it was consoling to think that that good honest steel and timber was partly her property. It was not her first visit to the spot.

"Queer, isn't it," she reflected, as she had often done before, "that there isn't any way that I can think of to make my own road take me home? Anyhow I'll buy that license *just to spite 'em*," she exclaimed, with sudden decision; and shaking the dust of Atchison from her feet, and the far more bewildering dust of financial perplexities from her mind, she walked quickly back to the town.

It took a certain amount of resolution to turn the handle of the sinister-looking door, and the group of men lounging in the smoking-room, and turning upon her inquisitive glances as she entered, might even then have daunted her, had not her eye fallen upon a dejected bunch of whitish hair in one corner.

As she stepped into the room, a white tail disengaged itself from the round hairy bundle, and began pathetically to beat the floor, while two very beautiful and beseeching eyes were fixed upon her face. Had she still been irresolute this mute appeal would have been irresistible, and suddenly feeling as bold as a lion she stepped up to the desk where the city marshal was throned, and demanded a license for the white dog. The two great silver dollars which she drew from her purse looked very large to the widow Tarbell, yet it was with a feeling of exultation that she paid them as ransom for the white dog. In return for the money she received a small round piece of metal with a hole bored through it, bearing a certain mystic legend which was to act as a talisman to the wearer. Her name and address were duly entered on the books. Then her agitated little beneficiary was untied from the chair leg, the rope which bound him was put into her hands, and with a polite courtesy Mrs. Tarbell turned to go.

By a sudden impulse one of the rough-looking men got up from his chair, and, taking his hat off, opened the door. A light flush crossed the little woman's cheek as she accepted the attention, and then the two small figures, the black and the white, passed out into the delicious Colorado sunshine.

"She looked 'most too small to handle that big door," said the tall fellow, apologetically, as he re-established his wide sombrero on the back of his head, and, resuming his seat, tilted his chair once more against the wall. The other men smoked on in silence. No one felt inclined to chaff this shamefaced Bayard. Mrs. Tarbell, meanwhile, led her willing captive along, delighting in his cheerful aspect and expressive tail. He was dirty, to be sure, and he was presumably hungry. Who could tell what hardships he had suffered before falling into the brutal hands of the law? She stopped to buy her dinner, to which she added five cents' worth of dog's-meat, but the milliner's door was passed coldly by. The old straw would have to serve her another season.

Before they had gone two blocks, Mrs. Nancy had named the collie David. She had no question whatever about the name, for had he not been delivered out of the hands of the Philistines? She was patient with him when he paused to make the acquaintance of other dogs, and even once when he succeeded in winding the cord tightly about her ankles. Nevertheless it was a relief to get him home, and to tie him to the post of her front porch, where he established himself with entire willingness, and promptly dropping asleep, forgot alike his perils and his great escape.

The first care of his new friend on arriving home was to secure the license upon him. He was collarless, and she was a good deal "put to it" to supply the lack. At last she resolved to sacrifice her shawl strap in the emergency. She might miss it, to be sure, when she came to go home, but then, she reflected, if she were once on her way home, she would not care about any little inconvenience. So as soon as she and David had had a good dinner, she got down the old strap, which had hung on a certain nail for five long years, and taking a kitchen knife, ruthlessly chopped it off to the right length. Then she bored a new hole with her scissors for the tongue of the buckle to pass through, and, going to Willie's tool box, found a short piece of wire with which—it seemed but the other day—he had been tinkering something about the house. With the wire she fastened the license securely to the collar. But before David could be found worthy of such decoration, he was subjected to a pretty severe bath in an old tub out in the back yard.

Poor David! This was a novel and painful dispensation, and he submitted only under protest. But his new mistress was firm, and, arrayed in her oldest calico gown, with spectacles on her nose, she applied herself, with the energy and determination of all her New England grandmothers, to the task of scrubbing and soaping and squeezing and combing the dirt out of the long, thick hair. Three tubs of water were barely sufficient for the process, but finally David emerged, subdued but clean, looking very limp and draggled, and so much smaller because of his wet, close-clinging coat, that for a moment Mrs. Nancy thought, with a pang, that she might have washed away a part of the original dog. Later, however, when the sun had dried the fluffy hair, and when she fastened the new collar about the neck of the spotless animal, she let him lick her very face, so delighted were they both with the result of her labors. The rest of the afternoon they passed amicably together on the sunny porch. She would look up occasionally from her sewing, and say, "Good doggy!" and David would immediately wag his tail in delighted response. He was extremely mannerly and appreciative of the slightest attention—always excepting his enforced ablutions—and he seemed to approve of the kind eyes of his little protectress as warmly as she approved of his cool leather nose and speaking ears. As often as he moved, his license, hitting against the collar buckle, made a safe, cheerful sound, and Mrs. Nancy felt quite overcome with joy and gratitude at having been the chosen instrument of his preservation. When she lighted the lamp in the evening and began her regular game of backgammon, David curled himself up at her feet in a most companionable manner, and pricked his ears with interest at the fall of the dice.

But for her backgammon it would be difficult to imagine what Mrs. Tarbell would have done with her evenings, for her eyes were not strong enough for reading or sewing. She had got the habit of playing backgammon with Willie, after he became too weak for more active occupations, and they had kept the score in a little green blank-book. After he died she had missed the game, and she had found it pleasant to take it up again, and to play for both herself and Willie. The score, too, had been continued in the old book. At the top of each new page she wrote, in her precise old-fashioned hand, "Mother," "Willie," and under her name all the victories of the "whites" were scored, while those of the "blacks" were still recorded to Willie's credit. After a while her eyesight began to fail still more, and it became necessary to lift the dice and examine them "near to." Then gradually she found that the black checkers occasionally eluded her, and that she was straining her eyes in her efforts to see them in the shadowy corners of the board. When at last she found that by an oversight she had committed a flagrant injustice to Willie's interests, she felt that something must be done. Being fertile in resource, she presently bethought herself of the bright-colored wafers she had played with in her childhood, and to her joy she found they were still to be bought. Having possessed herself of a box of them, she proceeded to stick a glittering gilt star upon each side of each checker, both black and white, after which the checker-board took on a showy theatrical appearance.

Mrs. Nancy rarely felt lonely when playing backgammon. The click of the dice sounded cheerful and sociable; the checkers, with their shining eyes, seemed to take a real interest in the game; and when she scored the result to "Willie" or to "Mother," the old familiar every-day relation seemed restored between them.

To-night Willie was having all the luck, and that was sure to put his mother in the best of spirits. She played on and on, much later than was her custom, till at last the luck turned, and looking at her flat, gold-faced watch, she found, with a shock, that it was ten minutes after ten o'clock.

"My sakes!" she cried. "I ought to be ashamed of myself! Come, David, come right along to bed. You're going to sleep on the mat at the back door."

David, who was nothing if not amenable, cheerfully acceded to this arrangement.

Even before his new mistress had finished tying him to the railing, he had curled himself up on the mat and was fast asleep. When she patted him on the head, however, by way of good-night, his tail gave a responsive wag, and little Mrs. Nancy left him with the friendliest feelings.

The next morning the dog was gone. Yes, incredible as it seems, that graceless dog was gone—gone without a word of farewell.

Mrs. Nancy was standing gazing in dejected mood at the fragment of string he had left behind him, when the milkman, one of her special cronies, arrived. The good-natured Sam was full of sympathy.

"I reckon he came in with some ranchman yesterday, and got lost in the town. Like as not he's gone home. Good Lord! I'd just like to see that 'ere ranchman when his dog gits back with a locket round his neck!"

"I washed him too, Sam," Mrs. Nancy lamented, as she accompanied her visitor to the gate. She was too conscientious to detain the man from the performance of his duty.

"You washed him!" he cried, as he got into his cart. "Jerusalem! I guess that's the first time a ranch dog ever got a taste of a bath."

And the cart rattled off, leaving David's little friend standing at the gate. It was just after sunrise, and she looked down the street to the mountains, which were bathed in a flood of translucent crimson reflected from the east.

"I wonder if the walls of the heavenly Jerusalem look very different from that!" she mused, as she gazed into the deepening color. When she turned back to the house, she had almost forgotten the ungrateful runaway in thoughts of her boy and his heavenly abiding-place.

The next afternoon Mrs. Tarbell was sitting on her front porch endeavoring to readjust the bows upon the old straw bonnet. She had taken them off, and sponged both ribbon and straw, and she was now trying her best to make the bows hold up their heads with the spirit and grace which distinguish a milliner's trimming. She looked up from time to time to enjoy the reflection of the trees in the lake surrounding the house. For her grass was being flooded today, and that was always a pretty sight. "It looks almost as pretty as Watkins's pond out on the Goodham turnpike," she reflected, as the water glistened in a broad expanse. She owned a good piece of land, a hundred feet front. Willie had meant to have a vegetable garden when he had got strong enough to work in it.

A horseman had turned into the street, and came cantering toward the house. But horsemen were a part of the landscape in Colorado, and she scarcely noticed his approach till a joyful bark caused her to look up, just in time to see David take a flying leap over the gate and come dashing up to her.

"Why, David!" she cried; and then she stopped, abashed, for the horseman was already tying his pony to the post.

"Mrs. Tarbell?" he questioned, as he opened the gate; and without waiting for an answer, he went on: "I've come to thank you for getting my dog away from those scoundrels at the City Hall. They had the decency to tell me where to look for you."

"Oh, pray don't mention it!" said little Mrs. Nancy, with old-fashioned courtesy.

"Not mention it!" cried her visitor. "It was the kindest thing I ever heard of. I don't see what made you do it."

"Oh, I couldn't help it. David looked so miserable being dragged along at the end of a pole."

"The cowards!" he cried. "Don't get a chair, madam. I like the steps better. Did you call him David?" he asked, with a twinkle of amusement in his kind gray eyes, as he seated himself on the low step, with his long legs trailing off over the walk.

"Well, yes. I didn't know what else to call him, and as he'd been delivered out of the hands of the Philistines—"

"That's a good one!" cried the ranchman. "Come here, David. You've got a name now as well as a locket. Do you hear that?"

David had established himself between his master and his rescuer, and looked from one to the other with evident satisfaction. They were soon engaged in an amicable conversation, quite unconscious of the picture they were forming. The tall ranchman, clad in full cow-boy paraphernalia, his extended legs encased in leathern "shaps" decorated with long fringes, his belt of rattlesnake-skin, his loose shirt showing a triangle of bronzed throat, in his hand the broad sombrero clasped about with a silver band.

Little Mrs. Nancy, sitting upright in her chair, in her neat old black gown, holding the forgotten bonnet in her lap, watched her picturesque visitor with the greatest interest. And looking up into the delicate little old face, he noted all the sweetness and brightness which had so long been lost upon the world. To make a clean breast of it, the two fell frankly in love with each other upon the spot, and before the stranger had departed, he had persuaded her to visit his ranch with him the very next Sunday.

"But I don't know what to call you," she said, after having agreed upon this wild escapade.

"That's so," said he. "I go by the name of Wat Warren out here, but they used to call me Walter at home. I wish you would call me Walter."

"It's a pretty name," she said. "I thought some of calling my boy Walter at first."

Walter was on the point of departure, and a sudden embarrassment seemed to seize him. He had his hand in his trousers pocket. "I 'most forgot the money for the license," he stammered, as he pulled out a couple of silver dollars.

Nobody knows what came over Mrs. Nancy, but she suddenly found she couldn't take the money.

"Oh, that's of no consequence," she said, quite as though she had had the whole treasury surplus at her command. "I should like to make David a present of the license;" and as her two visitors departed at full gallop, she sat down in a flutter of pleasurable excitement.

How surprising it all was! She looked back upon the last hour quite incredulous. She felt as though she had known this strange young man all her life. Not that he had told her much about his own concerns. On the contrary, after complimenting her on the subject of David's collar and David's bath, he had got her talking about herself; and she had told him about Willie, and about Atchison, and about her desire to go home to New England.

"My sakes!" said she to herself; "what a chatterbox I'm getting to be in my old age! What must he have thought of me?" But in her heart she knew he had not thought any harm of her confidence. There had been no mistaking the sympathy in that sunburnt face, and if there had been any doubt remaining, the hearty grip of the rough hand, which she still felt upon her palm, would have set her mind quite at rest.

But if Mrs. Nancy wondered at herself on Tuesday, she had fairly lost all track of her own identity when, on Sunday, she found herself seated beside her broad-shouldered friend in a light wagon, bowling over the prairies behind a pair of frisky four-year-olds, while David bounded beside them or scampered about in the vain pursuit of prairie-dogs.

"Do you feel afraid?" asked her host, looking protectingly down upon the tiny figure at his side.

"Not a mite," she declared. "I never was one of the scary kind."

They had left the mountains behind them and were speeding to the eastward. It seemed to her that a few hours of this rapid progress would bring them to the very shores of the Atlantic. On and on they went over the undulating yellow plains. As they neared the top of each rise of ground Mrs. Nancy's heart stood still in a strange fantastic suspense. Would there be trees over beyond, or lakes, or rivers, or perhaps a green New England meadow?

"Isn't it like sailing?" said her companion as they bowled along.

"I never went sailing," Mrs. Nancy replied. "I've only been out in a boat on the pond, and I think this is pleasanter."

They did little talking on that drive. Mrs. Nancy was too entirely absorbed in her new experience to have much to say. But when at last they reached the ranch, lying like an oasis in the vast barren, with young corn sprouting in the wide fields, and a handful of cotton-woodtrees clustered about the house, the tears fairly started to the little woman's eyes, so much did this bit of rural landscape remind her of her own far-away New England. And when the master of the house led the way into a neat little room, with a south window looking across the plains, it came his turn for confidences.

"This room was built on for my mother."

"Did she live here with you?"

"No; she died before she could get here."

"Oh dear!" said his little visitor.

The two small words were eloquent with sympathy.

That was a red-letter day for Mrs. Nancy Tarbell. She felt as though she was getting a glimpse of the great West for the first time in all these years. When her host casually informed her that he owned about thirteen square miles of land and four hundred head of cattle, she gave a little gasp of amazement.

"I always wanted to see a cattle ranch," she said.

"Oh, this is no cattle ranch. It's only a dairy." And he took her about through the many sheds and barns, which were hidden in a hollow a few rods away. Here he showed her his ice-houses, his huge churns, and his mammoth "separator" that went whirling around, dividing the cream from hundreds of gallons of milk in the time it would have taken her to skim a couple of three-pint pans.

"Sakes alive!" she exclaimed again and again, as these wonders were explained to her—"sakes alive! what would our folks say to that?"

"You'll have a great deal to tell them when you go back," said Warren, studying her animated face.

"If I ever go," she said, with a little sigh.

This was after dinner, which had been a savory meal served by a man cook.

"Do you want very much to go?"

"Oh yes! I shall go just as soon as ever Atchison begins to pay again. I hope I haven't any false pride," she added, deprecatingly, "but I can live cheaper here than I should be willing to there, where I've seen better days."

Brave little Mrs. Nancy! It was not indeed false pride that deterred her, but the fear of being a burden to others.

They were sitting in the big living-room, which on this great occasion had been made as neat as her own little parlor. Antlers and other strange trophies ornamented the walls, where also guns and spurs and lassos hung. The little woman did not seem in the least out of place among these warlike objects. She sat in an old leathern chair, her feet on a coyote-skin, looking about her with quick bright motions that made the big fellow think of the shy field creatures that sometimes strayed over his threshold—ground squirrels, rabbits, and the like. David lay curled up close beside her, and half a dozen less-favored dogs looked wistfully in from time to time. Warren was wondering whether she could possibly fit in naturally to the stiff, scant New England life which he had fled away from when a boy. Presently he said,

"Have you any idea how much your house and land are worth?"

"Oh yes! We paid ten hundred and fifty dollars for it when the house was new, but it's a good deal out of repair now."

"But you know real estate is pretty high here just now."

Struck by the peculiar emphasis with which he spoke, Mrs. Nancy gave him a startled look. "Why—why—what do you mean?"

"Well, I was talking with a real-estate man about the value of land the other day, and he said you could realize six thousand dollars on your place any day."

"Six—thousand—dollars?"

"Yes, six thousand dollars."

"Why, that's just what we had in Atchison!"

"Well, I guess there's no question but that you could get that for your land to-morrow."

It had indeed been an eventful day, and it was followed by a sleepless night. For years little Mrs. Nancy had had one great wish, and suddenly it was to be fulfilled. She could go home—home to New England, to the village where she was born, to the village where everybody knew her, where they would talk of Willie. Through the hours of the night, which sped fast, she thought and thought of the home-coming. She passed in review all her old neighbors, forgetting for the moment how many would be found missing; she wandered in spirit through the familiar pastures, beneath the green trees, beside the pond at the foot of the hill. Suddenly a strange suggestion intruded itself upon her thoughts. Must it not be "kind o' damp with all that swampland so near by, and the great elm-tree so close about the house"? Her house no longer, however. It had passed into the hands of strangers—city people, whom she did not know. She wondered where she should live. She should want to be independent, and she should hate to "board out."

But with the alloy of perplexity her radiant visions faded, and she fell asleep. For the first time in all these years the milkman found locked doors. He wouldn't disturb the "little widdy," but when he had left the can upon the back steps he turned away, feeling somewhat aggrieved.

The next morning, after her house was set in order and her marketing done, Mrs. Nancy sat herself down in her porch to darn her stockings. She had formed the habit, for Willie's sake, of doing all the work possible out in the air and sunshine, and she still clung to all the habits that were associated with him. Her weekly darning was a trifling piece of work, for every hole which ventured to make its appearance in those little gray stockings was promptly nipped in the bud.

The water was merrily flowing in the irrigating ditch, a light breeze was rustling in the cotton-woods before the door, while the passing seemed particularly brisk. Two small boys went cantering by on one bare-backed horse, a drove of cattle passed the end of the street two or three rods away, driven by mounted cow-boys, a collection of small children in a donkey cart halted just before her door not of their own free will, but in obedience to a caprice of the donkey's. They did not hurt Mrs. Nancy's feelings by cudgelling the fat little beast, but sat laughing and whistling and coaxing him until, of his own accord, he put his big flapping ears forward as though they had been sails, and ambled on. There were pretty turnouts to watch, and spirited horses, and Mrs. Nancy found her mind constantly wandering from what she meant should be the subject of her thoughts.

When the postman appeared around the corner he came to her gate and lifted the latch. It was not time for her small bank dividend. The letter must be from her husband's sister-in-law, who wrote to her about twice a year. As Mrs. Nancy sat down to read the letter her eyes rested for a moment upon the mountains.

"If Almira could have come with the letter she'd have thought those snowy peaks were worth the journey," she said to herself. And then she read the letter.

Here it is:

"Dear Nancy,—Excuse my long silence, but I've been suffering from rheumatism dreadfully, and haven't had the spirit to write to anybody but my Almira. It's been so kind of lonesome since she went away that I guess that's why the rheumatism got such a hold of me. When you 'ain't got anybody belonging to you, you get kind of low-spirited. Then the weather—it's been about as bad as I ever seen it. Not a good hard rain, but a steady drizzle-drozzle day after day. You can't put your foot out of doors without getting your petticoats draggled. But you'll want to hear the news. Cousin Joshua he died last month, and the place was sold to auction. Deacon Stebbins bought it low. He's getting harder-fisted every year. Eliza Stebbins she's pretty far gone with lung trouble, living in that damp old place; but he won't hear to making any change, and she 'ain't got life enough left to ask for it. Both her boys is off to Boston. Does seem as though you couldn't hold the young folks here with ropes, and I don't know who's going to run the farms and the corner store when we're gone. Going pretty fast we be too. They've been eight deaths in the parrish since last Thanksgiving—Mary Jane Evans and me was counting them up last sewing circle. Mr. Williams, the new minister, made out as we'd better find a more cheerful subject; but we told him old Parson Edwards before him had given us to understand that it was profitable and edifying to the spiritual man to dwell on thoughts of death and eternity. They do say that Parson Williams would be glad to get another parrish. He's a stirring kind of man, and there ain't overmuch to stir round here. I sometimes wish I could get away myself. I'd like to go down to Boston and board for a spell, jest to see somebody passing by; but they say board's high down there and living's poor; and, after all, it's about as easy to stick it out here. I don't know though's I wonder that you feel's you do about coming home. 'Tain't what you're used to out West, and I don't suppose you ever feel real easy in your mind from cow-boys and Indians and wild animals. I was reading only yesterday about a grizzly-bear that killed a man right there in the Rocky Mountains, and I'm glad you feel's you do about coming home. I should like to think that you'd be here to close my eyes at the last.

"But no more at present. This is quite a letter for me. Your true friend,

"Almira Tarbell.

"P.S.—You remember my old tabby that I set such store by? She died along in March, and I buried her under the sugar-maple side of the barn. The maples didn't do as well this year."

"Poor Almira," said the little widow, folding the letter with a sigh; "she's having a real hard time. I do feel for her, I declare."

An hour after, when her new friends Warren and David came to inquire how she had borne the fatigues of her yesterday's drive, they found her sitting with the letter in her hands. There was a bright flush on her cheeks, and a look of perplexity in her blue eyes.

"Fine day, isn't it?" said Warren, while David wagged his tail till it almost touched his ears.

"Yes, it's a very fine day. 'Pears to me Colorado never did look so nice as it does to-day."

"That is because you're thinking of leaving us," Warren rejoined, thoughtfully pulling the ears of David, who could scarcely contain himself for joy at being the object of such a flattering attention.

"I don't know's I should be in such a hurry to go right straight away, even if I could sell my land," said the widow, clapping the letter into her pocket with a guilty air.

They chatted awhile in the bright sunshine, and Warren soon had an inkling of the little woman's state of mind.

"I don't suppose, now, you'd be willing to take a ground-rent on the other half of your land if a desirable party should apply? A rent, say, for five years, with the privilege of purchase at the expiration of the term?"

The long words sounded very technical and business-like, yet rather agreeable too.

"You mean somebody might like to build on my land?"

"That's the idea," said Warren. "Fact is," he went on, after a pause, "I happen to know a nice steady young fellow who is thinking of getting married. He told me he would be willing to pay $300 and taxes."

"Three hundred dollars!" cried the wondering little land-owner. "Why, I should feel like a rich woman!"

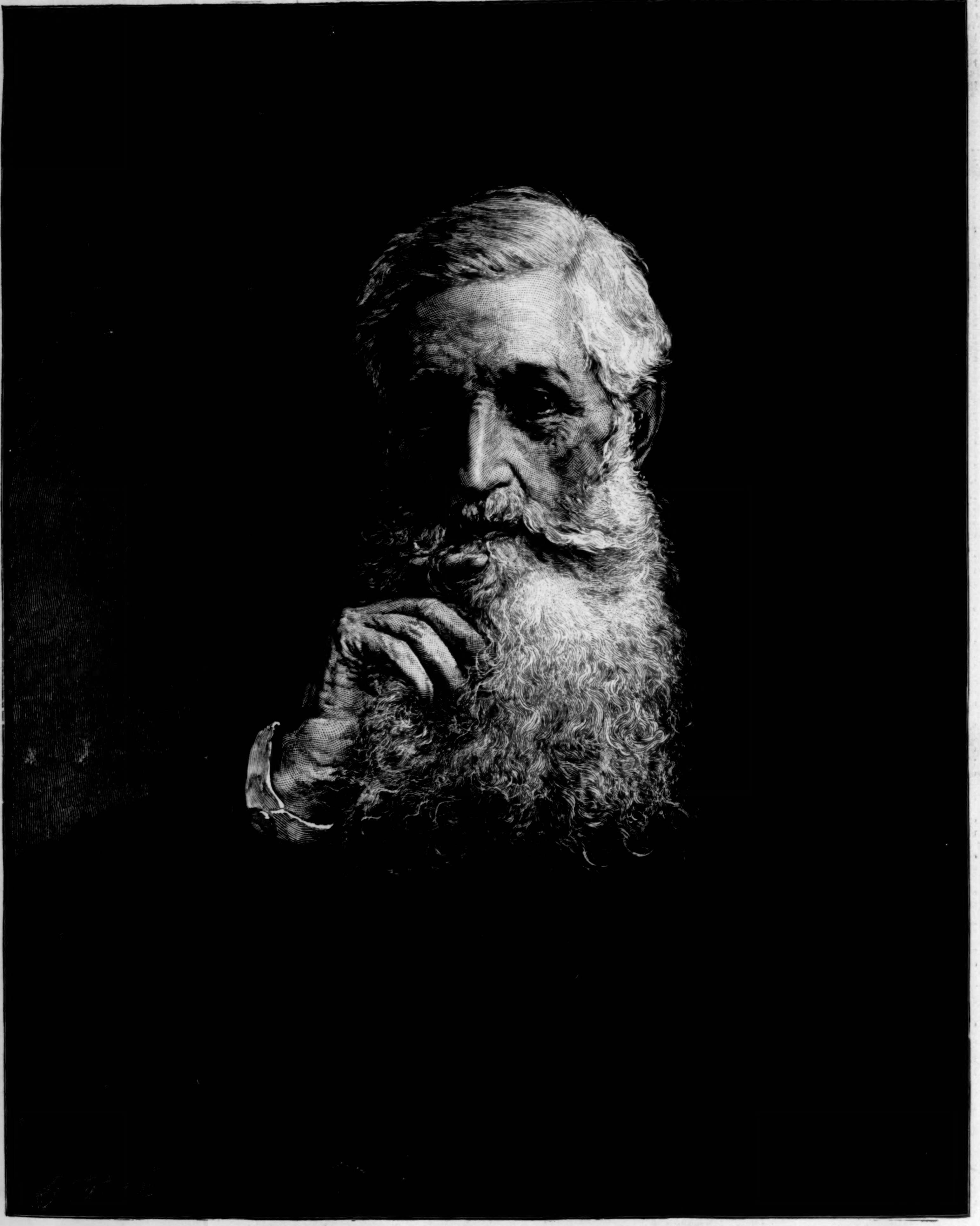
"Well, the land's worth it, and the young man's able to pay."

The air was growing warmer and sweeter every minute, and the water in the irrigating ditch sounded quite jubilant as it raced past the house. Yes, Colorado was a pleasant place to live in, especially with Walter Warren for a neighbor only ten miles away. The ranch didn't seem at all far off since that rapid drive across the prairies.

She sat so long silent that her visitor felt he must offer greater inducements. He began pulling David's ears so vigorously that a dog of a less refined perception might have howled remonstrance, and then, while the color deepened in the sunburnt face and an engaging shyness possessed him, Warren said, "Perhaps you'd take more kindly to the arrangement if you knew who the young man was?"

"My dear, are you going to get married?" cried Mrs. Nancy, forgetting alike her perplexities and her dreams of opulence.

"Well, yes, I am; some time next fall. She lives back East; and I thought it would be nice to have a little place in town where we could stay through the off seasons. You'll let us come, won't you?" he cried, with a look of boyish beseeching. "I know



THE LATE GEORGE BANCROFT, HISTORIAN.—From the Painting by Gustav Richter.—[See Page 63.]

you would if you could see Jenny. *She's so sweet!"*

The momentous visit was over, Warren had had his turn at confidences, and was now striding down the street, with David at his heels.

The little widow stood at the gate, her heart feeling bigger and warmer than for many a long day. Once more she looked down under the row of cotton-woods, which had come into full leaf during the past week, looked to where her giant mountain neighbor stood, strong and constant as an old friend. The air seemed clearer, the sunshine brighter, than ever before. The running stream was singing its own gay song, and for once it waked no longing in her breast. As Mrs. Nancy turned to walk up the path, she drew forth Almira's letter, not without a momentary pang of remorse. With the letter in her hand she paused again, and looked and listened as though she would drink in the whole of Colorado at one draught. Suddenly a gleam of roguish wilfulness came into the sweet old face, and speaking half aloud, she murmured,

"I don't know but I'm getting to be a heartless old woman, but—I'm afraid I'd full as lief somebody else closed Almira's eyes for her!"

And with this revolutionary sentiment the faithless little New-Englander passed into the house that had at last taken on the dignity and the preciousness of a home.

IF YOU HAD A FRIEND

About to visit some section of the country where malarial disease, either in the form of chills and fever or bilious remittent was particularly rife, what would be about the best advice you could give him? We will tell you—to carry along, or procure on arriving, that potent medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, known throughout malaria-plagued regions, here and in other countries, as the surest means of disarming the miasmatic scourge, and robbing it of its fell destructive influence. Not only does it fortify the system by increasing its stamina, but overcomes irregularity of digestion, the liver and the bowels, and counteracts the unfavorable effects of over-exertion, bodily and mental exposure in rough weather, or occupation too sedentary or laborious, loss of appetite, and excessive nervousness. The functions of alimentation, bilious secretion, and sleep have in it a most powerful and reliable auxiliary.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A GOOD REPUTATION.
"Brown's Bronchial Troches" have been before the public many years, and are everywhere acknowledged to be the best remedy for all throat troubles. They quickly relieve Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchial Affections. Price, 25 cents. For sale everywhere, and only in boxes.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

All persons afflicted with dyspepsia find immediate relief by using Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

A NEW ENGLAND "CITY OF HOMES."

BY CLARK W. BRYAN.

SPRINGFIELD, Massachusetts, the oldest of all the American Springfields, reads its title clear in 1891 to a front seat in the world's amphitheatre of beautiful and bustling cities, and well maintains the complimentary character that has come to its acceptance of late years of being "a City of Homes." It is of itself full of elements of beauty, and is set thickly about with attractive surroundings—the choicest that the valley of the Connecticut River has to offer in all its long reach and ramble, from the wild sublimity of its head waters in the regions of the White and Green Mountains to the quiet repose of its varied and wayward windings through valley and meadow along its courses, where is heard the lively hum of its deftly turned millwheels.

After a chrysalis state of existence of two hundred and sixteen years of hamlet and village life and thirty-nine years of city presence and prosperity, Springfield comes forth "adorned as a bride," with chaplets of emerald-hued forestry, to please the eye by day; with tiaras of glittering electrical brightness on every street corner at nightfall; with bracelets of ringing steel street-railway tracks in profusion; with her gates of hospitality wide open to the world at large, her landscape loveliness unsurpassed, and her homes those where business and beauty blend harmoniously together, and where peace and plenty reign. This is Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1891.

Of the thirty Springfields that dot the local maps of the same number of States of the United States, Springfield on the east bank of the Connecticut River, over against where the Agawam—old-time Woronoco—empties its waters into the Connecticut, if not the parent, is at least the sponsor for their titles. Its first settlement was made in 1636, two hundred and fifty-five years ago, and never in all those two hundred and fifty-five years has it been possessed of more vigor or virility, never a brighter or better habitation for humanity to gather together in for dwelling prosperously and contentedly, than now.

At first the town was limited to fifty families; now we may have fifty thousand—if we can get them; and the recently gathered census figures tell us that we have nearly that number of people already. Then no one but William Pynchon, the founder of the town, was allowed to have more than ten acres in a home lot; now one may have as large an acreage or lot as one can pay for —or, in accordance with the modern way of doing things, get credit for. History tells us that "the great work of the settlers was to establish and spread the kingdom of God in the New World." That this has been accomplished, at least measurably, we have abundant evidence in the Christianized methods of our every-day life, but there is equally conclusive evidence that the same "spread" is as much to be desired now as it was then. The kingdom of God may have been spread abroad, but the kingdom of Satan still holds prominent place on God's footstool, and laborious efforts to dislodge the latter from one of his accredited strongholds was the occasion of the founding of the first Springfield in America. Although an interesting story, mayhap, that of William Pynchon, we will not attempt to repeat it here. As it is with the Springfield of to-day that we are more particularly dealing, we will only refer briefly to the fact that "the great work of its settlers" was of an orthodox nature, and to be accomplished by missionary effort. With this reference to the object had in view in the formation of the town, let us leave the then of our Springfield with the past, and turn to its present condition and prospective outlook.

Springfield is, by the combined influences of location and force of circumstance, the metropolis of western Massachusetts, as Boston is of New England, and New York of the Western hemisphere. Hampden, Hampshire, Franklin, and Berkshire counties, and some of the ragged though rich edges of Worcester, with all their varied and thriving industries, their educational institutions, their commercial and financial features, their political, religious, and social life elements, centre by common consent and convenience in Springfield. Its growth and prosperity have been steady and continuous, from a hamlet in 1636 to a thriving village in after-years, and from a city of some fourteen thousand people in 1852, when it took on city life and honors, to one of nearly fifty thousand in 1890, having an enviable position as a commercial and industrial centre, and of fast becoming one of the most delightful and desirable places of family residence in New England; yea, let us tell the whole truth, in the wide world.

The Connecticut River comes down from the White and Green Mountain regions of New Hampshire and Vermont, cleaving Franklin, Hampshire, and Hampden counties in twain, with the traffic of the Connecticut River Railroad in close relation along its banks; while the extended arms of steel of the Boston and Albany Railroad reach out to the eastward, through Worcester, Middlesex, and Norfolk counties, to Boston, and to the westward, up from the Connecticut Valley into and among the Berkshire hills, making of Springfield the central office of its traffic and travel for western Massachusetts and vicinity. The New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad here has interchangeable connection with the Boston and Albany and Connecticut River railroads, forming in combination one of the best-equipped and most profitable of railway systems, the New York and New Haven reaching up from New York to Springfield, the Boston and Albany passing through Springfield on its two-hundred-mile stretch from "the Hub to the Hudson," and the Connecticut River road connecting Springfield with Montreal and Quebec on its passage over the direct line of travel through the White and Green mountains. The New England Railroad also has one of its termini here, stretching out to the coal fields of Pennsylvania, to tide-water competitive freighting facilities, to the leading marts of trade of New England, to the metropolis of the Western world, to the great West, the greater Northwest, and still beyond. To these advantages of traffic and travel a branch of the Boston and Albany runs up through some of the flourishing towns of eastern Hampden and western Worcester to Athol, where connection is had with the Fitchburg line of railway from Boston to the far West.

The excellent facilities for communication and intercommunication which Springfield enjoys have been prominent factors in the introduction and maintenance of its lively and profitable commercial and industrial life. Its exceptional facilities as a distributing centre have secured for the city many branches of business not usually to be found in places of its size and comparative importance, notably the Wason Railway Car Manufactory; the manufactory of the Smith & Wesson revolvers; the valve manufactory at Indian Orchard; the publishing house of Webster's Unabridged (now International) Dictionary; the manufacture of envelopes, *papeteries*, and folded papers (numbering half a dozen different establishments), the preparation of colored and glazed papers, and the manufacture of paper collars, made feasible by the close proximity of Holyoke and other paper-mill centres of western New England; the manufacture of sewing-machine needles; bicycle, button, and skate manufacturing; wire-weaving, railway axle-making, bridge-building, boiler-making, and ornamental iron-working; brass-works and iron-foundries; decorative wood-working; gas-machine manufacturing; the manufacture of small tools and of paints and chemicals; with many others of a miscellaneous nature—nearly the whole list being largely indebted to Springfield's excellent transportation facilities for the success which they have uniformly attained.

On the banks of the "famous river," which, according to historic record, first became known to the English in 1631, and where in 1633 the white man first made his appearance, the iron horse now tosses his fleecy mane up and down and across the Quonecktacut, or Long River, of old-time record; miles of busy streets are tastefully and elaborately built up; church spires point heavenward in large numbers; a score and more of well-appointed school-houses are scattered from river-bank to easterly suburbs and plains, and from Rockrimmon to Pecowsic; stores packed with miscellaneous merchandise line the more prominent thoroughfares; the busy wheels of industry revolve glibly on the less-frequented streets; and the pulse of a sensible and charming domestic life beats responsively to the echoes of commercial thrift and business success.

The pages of Springfield's history were numbered but slowly during the days of its early generations, and the leaves of its book of fate were but leisurely turned, until its village bands were sundered, and a morn of city life dawned upon its fortunes. It became a city May 25, 1852, having then a population of about 14,000. It was at first a city of scattered localities, and for a long time was called, in badinage, "the infant city of magnificent distances." Court Square was the axle upon which its wheels of business and social being revolved. Round Hill was out of town. The railway depot was one locality, the armory another, as was the upper water shops, and the lower water shops—now no more—still another. Intervals of but thinly populated streets connecting these different localities were, in many instances, adjacent to pastures where the family cow of the resident villager chewed the cud of contentment complacently in summer, and the ring of the skater's steel was heard near at hand in winter.

For a long series of years the Springfield armory, and more particularly its arsenal, where

> "From floor to ceiling,
> Like a huge organ, rise its burnished arms,"

was the lion of the town, and it was rare indeed that a visitor to the village—or after becoming a city even—was allowed to come within the gates thereof and depart without "doing" the armory buildings and grounds, and a view from the arsenal tower had with it an exaltation of soul and sense not exceeded, perhaps, by those to whom it may fall in imagination to

> "Stand where Moses stood, and view the landscape o'er."

From this far-reaching outlook the eye rests upon a scene of surpassing loveliness, while the ear listens to subdued echoes from the distant roar and rumble of the life of a bustling city, and the combined senses look, listen, and linger, in a high degree of enjoyment and satisfaction, upon a scene that may scarcely be equalled for its fascinating presentation of both active and still-life pictures.

From the arsenal tower the eye takes in, at a hasty glance northward, Mount Holyoke and Mount Tom from pinnacle to buttress, with the spires of Holyoke city reaching skyward from their foot-hills, with the Connecticut River winding its sluggish course between. To the westward, the Agawam River threads its way up to and among the Berkshire Hills, with the villages of Mittineague, Westfield, Fairfield, Russell, Huntington, Chester, Becket-on-the-Railway, with Montgomery, Middlefield, and Becket Centre crowning the neighboring hill-tops, like beads on a silver cord, with no one bead like unto another. Leaning up against the western sky, outlying and beyond all these, the far-famed hills of Berkshire stand forth in bold relief, as if to shut out the great world beyond from the seeming sacred precincts of Connecticut Valley charms. Turning to the southward, the skies apparently hang lower than in any other direction, the earth and sky blending in distance so remote that it is indeed difficult to tell where one begins and the other leaves off. To the east, only a half-score of miles away, rises

> "Springfield mountain, where did dwell
> A lovely youth who was known quite well,"

as told of in the old-time ditty, the culmination of the tragic event being when "a pizin sarpint bit his heel," as the song, which has been sung in all quarters of the globe, has told us again and again. This "sad" circumstance gave Springfield its second throb of notoriety, the first being the little unpleasantness of a religious flavor in which William Pynchon and Parson Moxson of early day fame were participants.

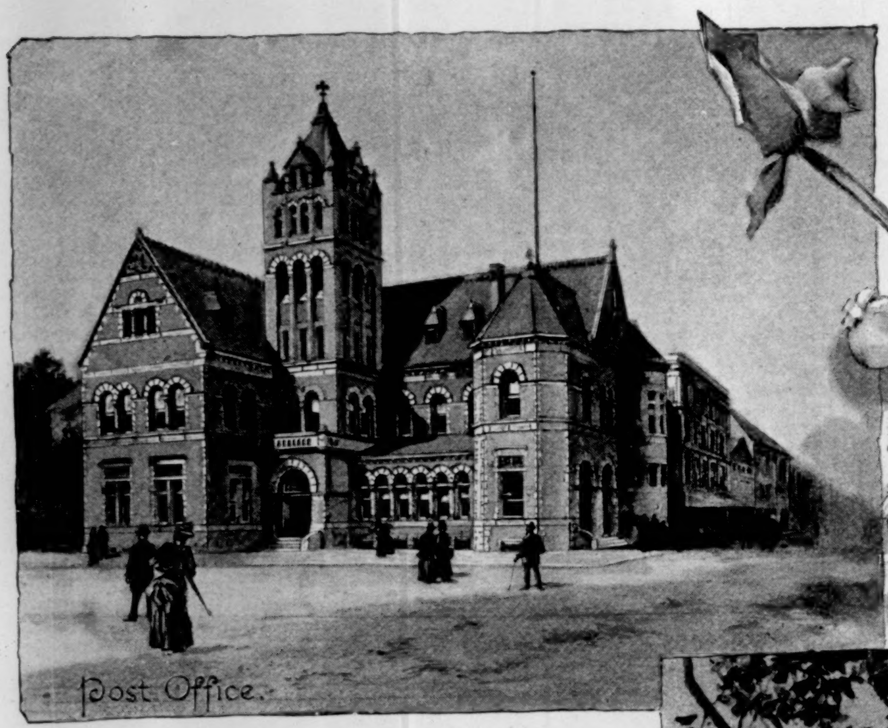
The streets are remarkable for their wealth of graceful trend and tracery, and often for their picturesque reach and range. Whether the tradition that its original streets were pathways for the villagers' cows between the homesteads and the outlying fields is a faithful one or not, it is difficult for a street to be named that has not a curve or deflection, or an angle more or less acute and sharp. But be they straight or be they crooked, there is scarcely one of any prominence that has not at some point features of shapely semblance and beauty, which, taken in combination and in connection with surrounding artificial forestry, make up a city whose public walks and ways are surpassingly lovely and attractive. Main Street, as full of curves and bends as the river itself, divides the lowlands of the city about midway from the river-bank to the first rise to the eastward, from the Chicopee dividing line on the north to that of Longmeadow at the south; and this, the street *par excellence*, is thoroughly cosmopolitan in all its leading characteristics. It is lined on either side, here with the homes at once of nabobs and nobodies, there with the stately marts of trade and the modest shop of the mechanic. Its pavements are thronged alike with the hurrying footsteps of the millionaire and they of modest means, apparently on terms of equality each with the other.

Substantial evidences of the fact that "the great work of the settlers to establish the kingdom of God," etc., has not been in vain. Springfield now lists twelve Congregational church organizations, one being of French Protestant proclivities, and one with a membership made up from the city's colored population; six Methodist Episcopal, including one colored; five Baptist, including one colored; one Episcopal; one Unitarian; one Universalist; and one Union Evangelical; one Swedenborgian; one Second Advent; one Jewish synagogue; one Spiritualistic Union; five Roman Catholic, two being of French nationality. Of these a goodly number have costly church edifices, with all "modern improvements," and all are comfortably housed and temporally successful. Supplementing this practical element of the city's religious life, a large number of benevolent organizations are in active and healthful existence, the leading ones of which are the Union Relief Association, for the considerate dispensation of charity throughout the city, having an Industrial Home, the latter aiming to aid destitute persons by devising ways in which they may partially or wholly help themselves; a Home for Friendless Women and Children, with separate establishments, both of which are, however, under one management and control; a Provident Dispensary, the object of the management being protection against pauperizing among families who may be prevented from caring for themselves through sickness or accident.

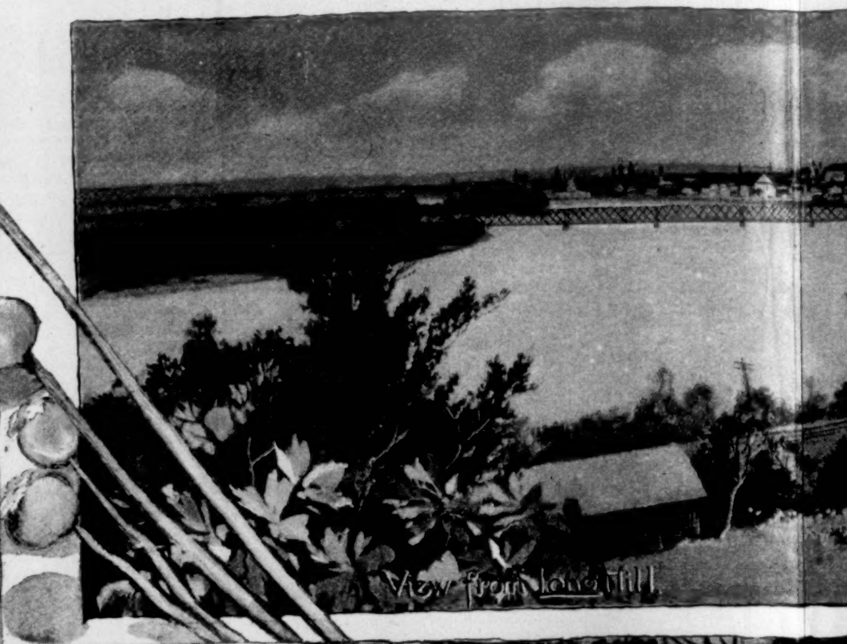
The first notable business boom experienced by Springfield after becoming a city was in 1861, when President Lincoln issued his famous call for troops to fight the battles of the Union. The United States armory was transformed in a few months from a dull and almost lifeless military post into a busy manufacturing establishment. Workmen were called from all quarters, gun-making machinery was built and bought as best it might be, old buildings were enlarged, and new ones erected on the government grounds, until the Springfield armory was enabled to equip a full regiment with arms in a single day. This fact necessarily made Springfield famous, and gave much occasion for its name and locality to be kept constantly before the eyes of the people not only of our own land, but incidentally of the world at large. Over three thousand men were at work at gun-making early in the war; while just before its breaking out only some two hundred and fifty could be counted. The city limits had scarcely room to contain the new-comers, had not food and shelter sufficient for the proper accommodation of all the workmen who had been so suddenly gathered upon the grounds of our national armory. From sheer necessity many of these swarmed into the outlying precincts in search of temporary homes. Railway cars brought to the city each morning scores of workmen from Chicopee, Chicopee Falls, Holyoke, Northampton, West Springfield, Mittineague, and Westfield; while hastily improvised vehicles came loaded daily from Longmeadow, east and west; from Agawam, Wilbraham, Ludlow, and intervening farm-houses, all returnin gat nightfall loaded with weary workmen and empty dinner pails. Every available house in the city was stowed full of humanity from basement to attic; boarding-houses sprang up, like Jonah's gourd, in a night, were ready to "take boarders" in the morning, and prosperity ruled the hour. When the war was ended, and the occasion for more arms had passed away, many of the men who had sought and found work in the armory had seen enough of Springfield to convince them that it was an excellent place in which to make homes for themselves and their families; that it had good church, school, and general social privileges and advantages, with the promise of a rapid growth and development in all departments of every-day living. As a consequence, many found ways and means for becoming permanent residents; and the building of new houses, stores, and blocks was commenced, as was the work of improving old and opening new streets and thoroughfares, the successful development of new industrial interests having since been made without even a break or halt. The war of 1861–4 may then be justly credited with being the initial cause of Springfield's material growth and prosperity, which has ever since steadily increased, been multiplied and added to, until she now enjoys a well-earned fame as a notably flourishing and promising business centre, in addition to its oft-quoted *sobriquet* of "a City of Homes."

The educational features of the city have prominence in one high, eleven grammar, one manual-training, and sixteen primary schools, with, generally speaking, commodious and well-appointed school-houses, many of which have been erected within the last decade of years, possessing all modern appliances and appointments; two Roman Catholic parochial schools, two young ladies' seminaries of eminent fame and settled fortunes, one French Protestant college, one business college, one preparatory school, one commercial school, and a half-dozen juvenile private schools.

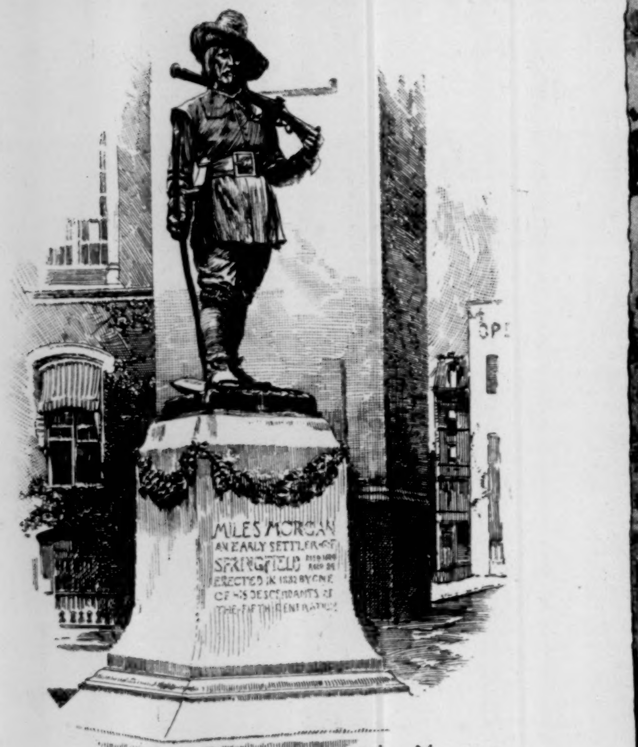
In connection with the educational and literary branches of city establishment and sustenance, the City Library holds prominent place. This institution was organized in 1857, the organization being the outcome of the consolidation of two at that time rival bodies—the Young Men's Literary Association and the Young Men's Institute. The city provided a room in the City Hall, furnished rent, fuel, and lights free for the new organization, and from 1864 to 1870 the use of books on the premises was made free to all, by an annual appropriation of $1600 from the city, the yearly subscribers paying one dollar for the privilege of drawing books for home reading. The library in 1870 contained some 17,000 volumes, and had a fund contributed by citizens of $45,000. The association was reorganized in 1870, under a new charter, with authority to hold real and personal estate to the amount of $150,000, which has since been increased to $300,000. The library having outgrown its allotted space in the City Hall, a few public-spirited citizens started a scheme for a library building. The late Hon. George Bliss gave the land where the building now stands, and $10,000 cash, as a nucleus for a building fund. In the spring of 1871 the new building was completed at a cost of $100,000, with a debt of only $25,000, and this was soon wiped out. It was opened to the public as a free library in 1885. During the year 1889 12,201 persons drew books, and the number of books drawn and given out for reference in the library hall numbered 167,283 volumes. The number of books added during the same



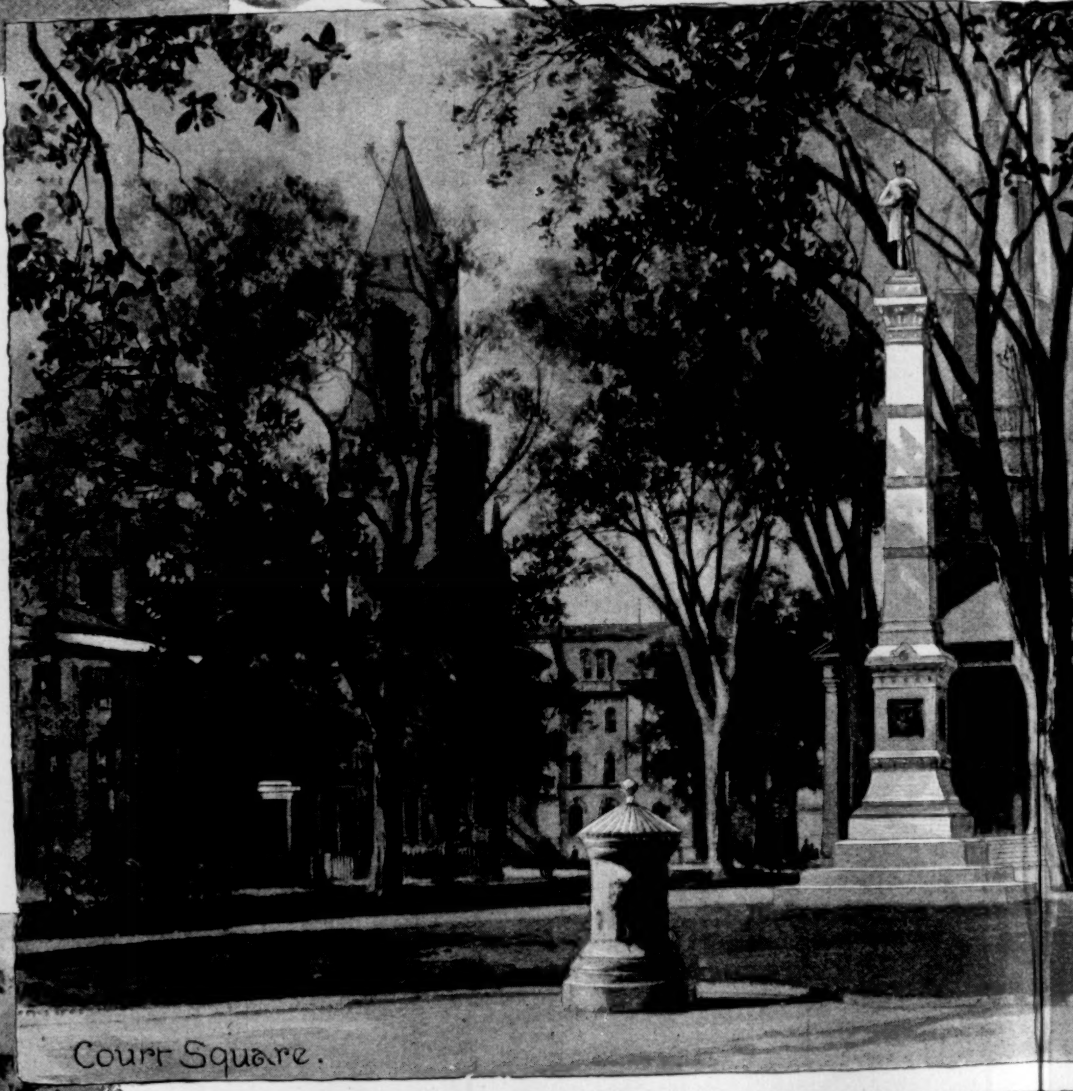
Post Office.



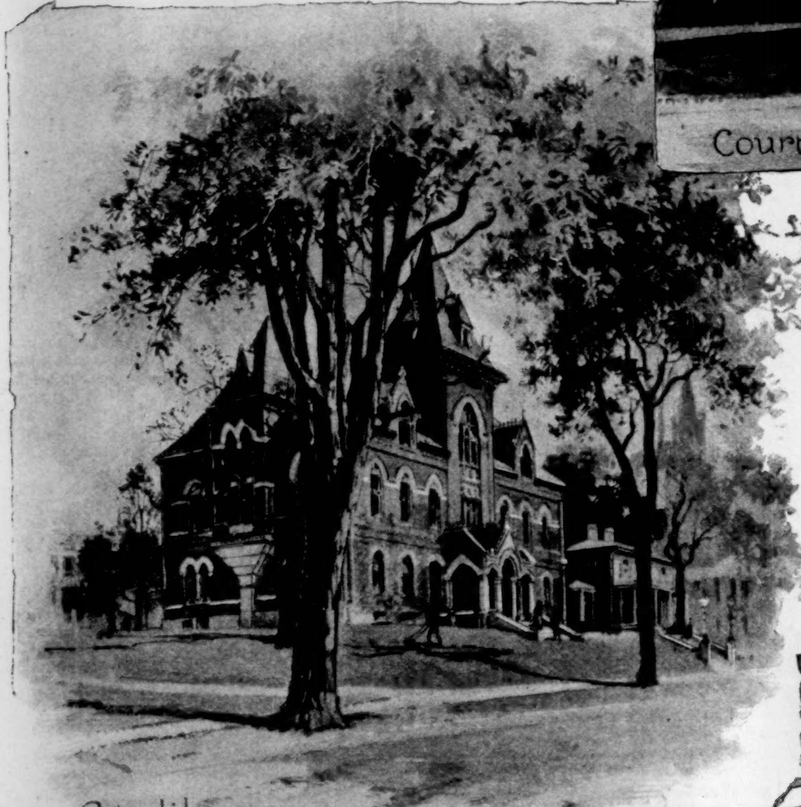
View from Long Hill.


MILES MORGAN
AN EARLY SETTLER OF
SPRINGFIELD
ERECTED IN 1882 BY ONE
OF HIS DESCENDANTS OF
THE FIFTH GENERATION

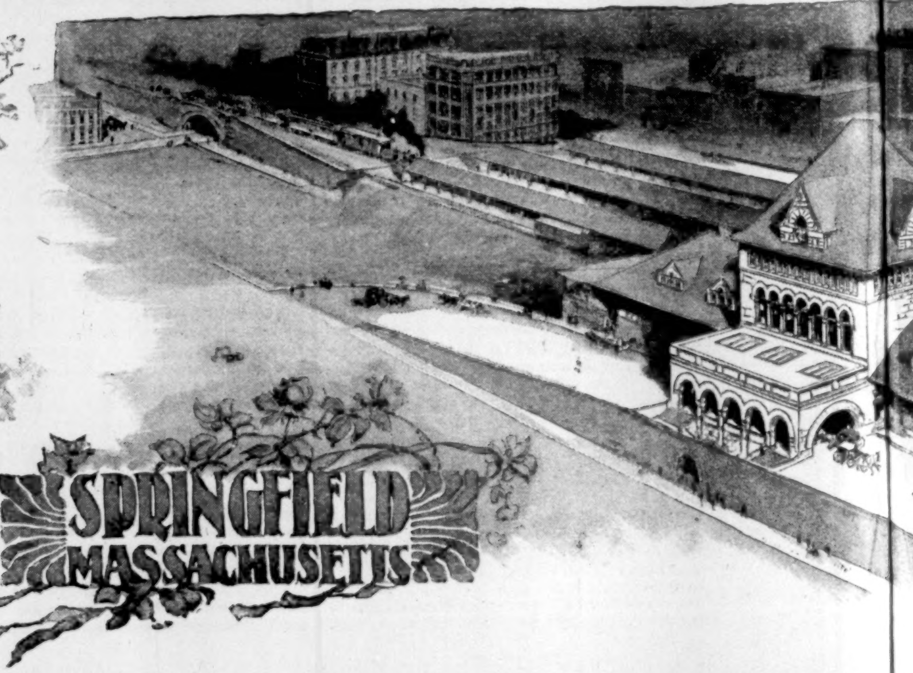
Miles Morgan.

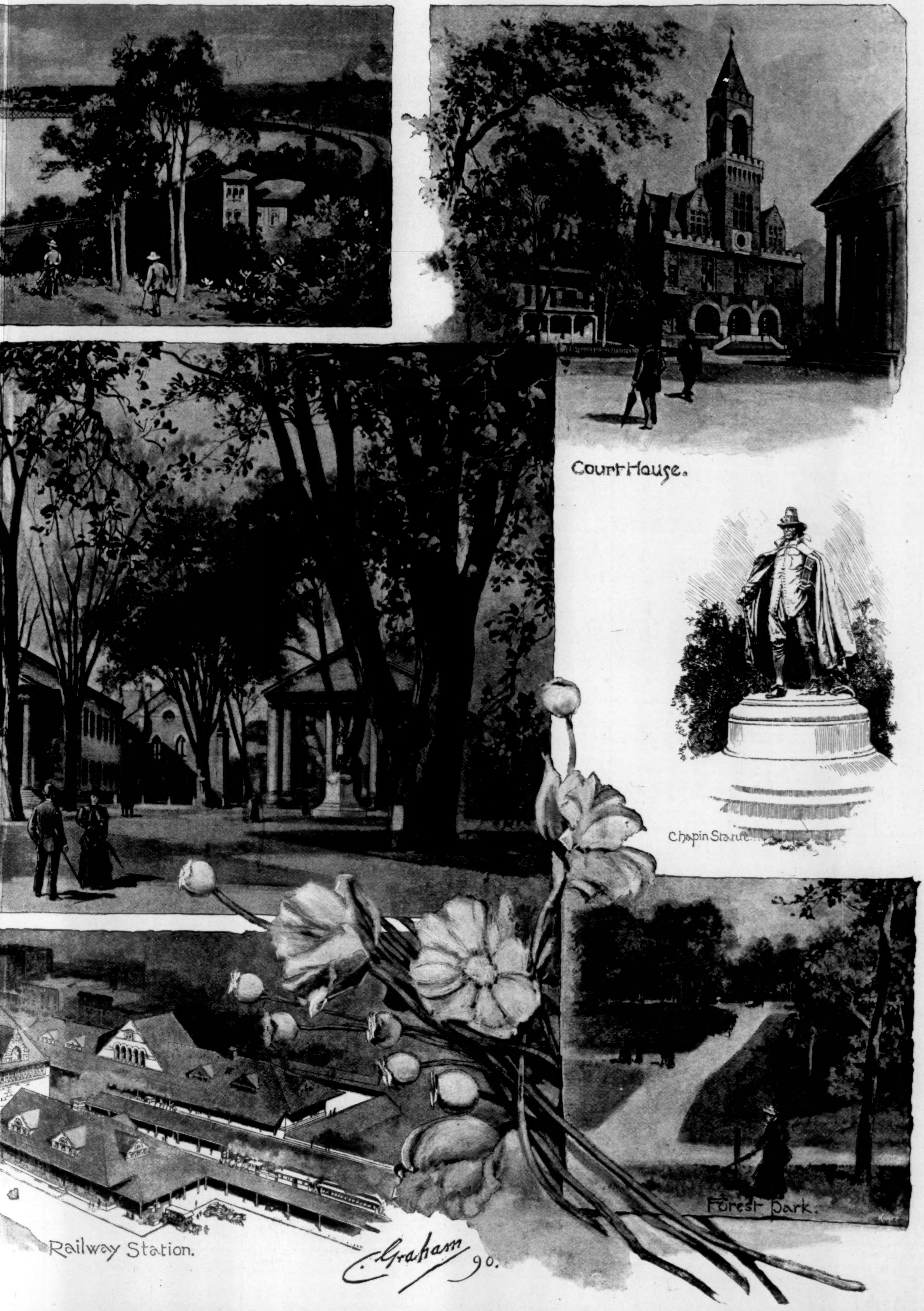


Court Square.



City Library.


SPRINGFIELD
MASSACHUSETTS



Court House.

Chapin Statue.

Forest Park.

Railway Station.

time was 3980, bringing the number of volumes now in the library up to 71,723. Full to overflowing is the word, and it is already found necessary to provide additional room at no distant day, in order to be able to properly meet the rapidly increasing demands upon its service and capacities. For this purpose the old-time Elijah Blake homestead, adjoining the library domains on the east, has been purchased, with a view to the erection of an additional building at an early day, which shall be not only supplemental quarters for the library proper, but afford room for its now cramped museum department, and for the erection of an art gallery, to which Mr. G. W. V. Smith has generously donated a rich and rare collection of art treasures, which he has gathered from all quarters of the globe in the course of many years of foreign travel.

With all its well-maintained presence of a happy blending of the material aids that go to make up a solidly prosperous city, there have come in addition of late by means of generous gifts and grants elements of lasting beauty that have promise in their full development of giving to Springfield the opportunity and means of possessing a free-to-all wide outreach of delightful landscape scenery unexcelled, if it may be equalled even, elsewhere. Forest Park, donated to the city by O. H. Greenleaf, a resident whose material prosperity has been gathered here, and the homestead of E. H. Barney, of similarly acquired fortune, together with the picturesquely beautiful and elaborately appointed surrounding grounds of the latter, also donated, with the purchase of an intermediate farm, give, in combination, a park of some five hundred acres of forest and field, of sunshine and shade, of water-falls, cascades, and lakelets, fountains and flowers, of open carriage driveways and forest foot-paths, of bridle-paths and rustic bridges, of ravines and chasms, presenting in the grand whole a kaleidoscope of genuine natural beauty, pleasantly intermingled with the improving elements of cultivated life which are being here strewn from the open hands of taste and art profusely. This park, to which a line of electrical railway cars leads from the heart of the town, covers the bordering territory of the city on its southern extremities, and commands the gateway of ingress and egress to and from the broad and thickly tree-lined avenue of historic old Longmeadow, which is destined at no distant day to become the southern suburban ward of the city in its rapidly extending sweep of added territory.

While these briefly described improvements and accretions are going slowly forward, older Hampden Park at the north end, with the Connecticut River flowing quietly by on its westerly borders, and the tracks of the Connecticut River Railroad defining its boundary on the eastward, holds many charms as a recreation centre, although of a different nature from those of Forest Park. This, once a suburban locality, now well surrounded by business activities, still holds its old-time prestige as an arena where the circus ring-master cracks his whip and the clown his evaporated jokes as merrily as ever, where balloon ascensions lose none of their early prestige, where the diamond field is kept well trodden, and where flyers show their paces on a fast mile track. Hampden Park had its origin in the first Simon-pure "horse show"—September, 1853—ever given in our country. This was held on Government Square, where are now Benton Park and government buildings, and was so eminently successful that "horse shows" were held here annually for many years afterward, Hampden Park having been brought into existence to provide suitable quarters for these exhibitions. But these once famous "horse shows" are now unknown, having degenerated into the ordinary "hoss trots" of the present day. Court Square, once the heart of the city and still one of its active breathing-place lungs, with its Soldiers' Monument and its Miles Morgan statue, is bordered by Main Street on one side, with the marts of trade and the seats of money-changers over against it; and is surrounded, in turn, by the City Hall, Odd Fellows' Hall, the Old First Church, and County Court-house, with a prospect of a soon-to-be-erected opera-house of modern place and presence. Huge elms reach out their brawny arms of leafy bower-like protection to the seeker for rest who may chance to improve the opportunity here afforded for the enjoyment of refreshing shade in the long summer days.

To these places of public resort and recreation may be added Benton Park, east of Armory Square, with its full shaded lanes, its much-frequented fountains by the rising generation, and its well-trodden pathways; Merrick Park, at the corner of State and Chestnut streets, nestling quietly down between the City Library Building, the Episcopal church, and the near-by Unitarian church and parsonage and High-School house; Stearns Park, reaching from Worthington Street to Bridge, east of Main, with its spraying fountains and its flowing-mantled ancestral statue of Deacon Samuel Chapin, one of the early fathers of the plethoric Chapin family; Outing Park, between lower Main Street and the foot-hills of Maple Street, where games of base-ball, foot-ball, and the like abound; the near-by tennis-grounds; the athletic grounds, in the eastern city suburbs; and Calhoun Park, at the North End, where a miniature lake flanks Jefferson Avenue on the north, making all the region roundabout blithe and beautiful. This somewhat extended list of parks, play-grounds, and breathing-places, is indicative on the part of the City Fathers of a desire and purpose to furnish abundant means of healthful recreation and reasonable enjoyment for their municipal children, in addition to which private enterprise well improves the opportunities that the river affords for pleasure-boating to the noted picnic-grounds on the Agawam bank of the river, and up to Chicopee and Holyoke.

Next in order to the park element may well be mentioned the club feature of the city's social well-being, and its remarkably full list of social, religious, benevolent, musical, sporting, and secret organizations, a simple list of which is suggestive of how Springfield people "dwell together in unity"—the secret, mayhap, of its material increase in population and wealth, and of its happy social condition. Of these, the first in point of years, at least, is the Springfield Club, with a well-provided home of its own on the corner of Chestnut and Worthington streets, containing reading-rooms, billiard-rooms, parlors, dining-room, kitchen, and sideboard—all well maintained by a representative constituency drawn from the "first families" of both business and social circles. The most popular and prosperous on the list is the Winthrop Club, in commodious and elegantly furnished leased quarters on State Street, east of Main Street, having four hundred members drawn from the best society elements of the city; from its pulpits, its legal and judicial representatives, its medical and miscellaneous professional circles, its churches and schools, its mercantile counters and manufacturing shops, its desks of finance, its city and county official lists—in brief, from every place where respectability, good-breeding, and good character are recognized as cards of admittance at the entrance doorways. Only reading, billiards, and card-rooms have place with the Winthrop, but it is, nevertheless, the most popular and well-attended "dropping-in" place in the city. The propriety of the admittance of women to the arena of club life has successful recognition in the Women's Club—a well-maintained, intellectual, and social organization.

Other bodies of a "club" nature are the Washington Club, the Propice Club, Kamp Komfort Club, all of a purely social character; the Atlanta Boat Club, Springfield Boat Club and Canoe Association, in the line of floating sportsmanship; the Springfield Bicycle Club, the Hampden Park Association, Athletic Club, Turn Verein, Tennis Club, Shooting Club, Rifle Association, Schützen Verein, and Smith & Wesson Revolver Club, in the line of miscellaneous sports; the Camera Club, which proposes to know "no North, no South, no East, no West" in the horizon of its environments, aiming to secure recreative enjoyment wherever it may be found, on land or water, or even in the air; the Orpheus Club, the Hampden County Musical Association, the Orchestral Association, the Philharmonic Club, all musically inclined. Natural history, botany, and floriculture have their devotees in a Natural History Society, Botanical Society, Connecticut Valley Florist Club, Hampden County Horticultural, and the Amateur Horticultural societies. Science is represented by a Science Association; political economy, by an Economic Association; history, by the Connecticut Valley Historical Society, with its well-filled list of half a thousand members, and its appropriately fitted-up rooms for public meetings and the safe-keeping of historical treasures; agriculture, by the Hampden Agricultural Society, with head-quarters in Springfield; medicine, by the Hampden District Medical Society, Homœopathic Medical Society of Western Massachusetts, and the Society for Medical Observation; the "god of war" being kept under submission by the City Guard and Peabody Guard. The complete catalogue of religious, benevolent, secret, musical, historical, botanical, agricultural, floricultural, military, sporting, temperance, and miscellaneous organizations number about one hundred and thirty different bodies—a multitudinous list, indeed, of associative interest and effort, made up from the population of a city of 45,000 souls, all nations, tribes, and kindreds, both sexes, all creeds and needs, all tastes and talents, all aspirations and ambitions, here having voice and venture. Should this interesting list be materially extended, there would scarcely be people enough to go round without a largely increased doubling up of pilgrims to these associative shrines.

Of the substantial organizations, having reference in their respective fields of effort more particularly to commercial, beneficial, and business every-day interests, we have the Springfield Board of Trade, the Springfield Improvement Association, the School for Christian Workers, the Union Relief Association, Provident Dispensary, Home for Friendless Women and Children, Children's Home, Home for Aged Women, and the Springfield Hospital.

It falls to the good fortune of Springfield to be able to put two unusually fine feathers in her cap—the Union Railway Depot, with its one hundred and sixty-five arriving and departing passenger trains daily, and the United States Post-office Building. The railway station buildings and equipments are among the most elaborate and complete of their kind in the country, and the government building gives the city postal quarters and facilities unexcelled by any city of the Union. The architectural features of both these institutions are well defined in illustrations accompanying this paper. It only remains to add that with the military post of Uncle Sam crowning its favorite hill-top outlook, the government water shops down by its mill-river water-side, its million-dollar railway station, its quarter-of-a-million-dollar postal edifice, and its almshouse structure, one of the most palatial-appearing establishments of the city, surely Springfield may be excused for boasting of its "lions," and for listening to their harmless roar with genuine complacency and laudable pride.

This record is, it may perhaps be said, without a parallel—at least without many parallels—and after winnowing the chaff from the catalogue there must be clean grain enough left in the winnowing fan to prove that the different generations of Springfield's history have not been idle or careless regarding the wants and well-being one of another, albeit they may not have compassed all that could have been accomplished in "the great work of the settlers to establish the religion of God in the New World."

One feature of Springfield's modern growth and expansion may not well be overlooked even in this brief survey of its growth and increase—that of the Springfield highland section, which has already become one of the most desirable locations for private residences of the many which the city possesses. Here where only a decade or so of years ago wild roses and sand violets flourished, and where the whistle of the ploughboy was often heard, now miles of handsomely appointed streets are lined on either side by attractive houses, ranging from costly villas to modest cottages, all with well-kept lawns interspersed with fountains, giving to these transformed sand-plain barrens all the beauties and conveniences of combined country and city life. Listed in real-estate vocabulary, the highlands are now represented by hundreds of residences of modern architectural style and appointment, two churches, a fine public training-school building, with street-railway privileges, and all where only a few years since a dozen or two of people only subsisted primitively and promiscuously—an addition to the city's growth and material prosperity of which any municipality might well be proud. And while these new streets and thoroughfares are constantly being added to and becoming more densely populated, the bugle notes from the gathering army of a similar new world to conquer are being sounded in another direction. The eye naturally turns quickly to this new parkland of promise, near unto where forests and fountains wave breezy and refreshing welcome in response to the music of the steadily increasing tramp and tread of advancing footsteps toward this new Mecca for the millions, where the generosity of a Greenleaf and a Barney and the genius of a Sackett have helped to make the beauties of nature still more beautiful and attractive for the enjoyment of the throngs of day-by-day visitors, and for laying out and perfecting pathways to charming residence sites, and for the rearing of pleasant permanent homes.

Contemporary with this thrifty record of a city of the living, it seems meet and proper to make mention here of a silent city's record, having a census reckoning now of some 12,000 parcels of "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," where new streets and avenues are quietly opened, and

> "Where massive marble portals have flower and vine and leaf,
> Where tender memories cluster and heads are bowed with grief;
> Where life deeds are recorded on deftly sculptured stone,
> And a Silent City buildeth its tenements for one."

The old Springfield Cemetery, originated in 1841 with the late lamented priest and poet W. B. O. Peabody, then a resident of Springfield, having become so densely populated as to call for founding an additional city of the dead, Oak Grove Cemetery was opened in 1881 on the highest point of land east of the city proper, where new tenements for one are constantly being prepared and occupied, and where the story often told in "dull, cold marble" is being repeated again and again, in echo to the subdued murmur of the pines standing thickly around, like sentinels on the walls of time, to shut out from mortal sight the confines of eternity; where the oft-repeated refrain is heard from the sexton, leaning upon his spade, as processions file past, "Room for the dead," and still there's room, these cities of the dead keeping pace in their census of new-comers with those of the city of the living alike, and yet not alike, in that, however many may come, none ever go out.

Springfield has an enviable name and fame in the matter of that delightful virtue hospitality, of both public and private record, and the wide fame of her hotel service has long been recognized and favorably accepted. The old Warriner House had a record to be proud of in its early days, but the iron horse upon coming to town drew the world away from it; the old American House, now displaced to make room for the Boston and Albany Railroad building, was once a far-famed stage tavern and genial hostelry, as was the Hampden House, which long since went up in smoke and down in ashes, from its picturesque site on Court Square, and of equal fame in stage-coach days was the Exchange Hotel, recently crushed to earth to rise again in stately blocks for mercantile use and occupancy. The Massasoit House stands as a connecting link between the past and the present of Springfield's hotel representation, keeping well up to its noteworthy traditions, even in this day of modern hotel excellence and elegance, while Cooley's Hotel, always maintaining its place in the front rank of good hotel-keeping, in passing from the hands of one generation of able and successful management to another equally well qualified, loses nothing of its old-time prestige in the palatial quarters in which it has but recently sheltered itself over against and near unto the Union Railway Station. Haynes Hotel, built and for many years conducted by Tilly Haynes, of flattering hotel notoriety, still "leads the way" down-town, dividing its following with the Hotel Gilmore, away from "the madding crowd" of railway depot clatter and confusion. The Warwick, of more modern date, and the Glendower, the latest addition to the list, both within easy reach of the railway station, as is the near-by American, together round out a list of accommodations for the public of rare and varied excellence.

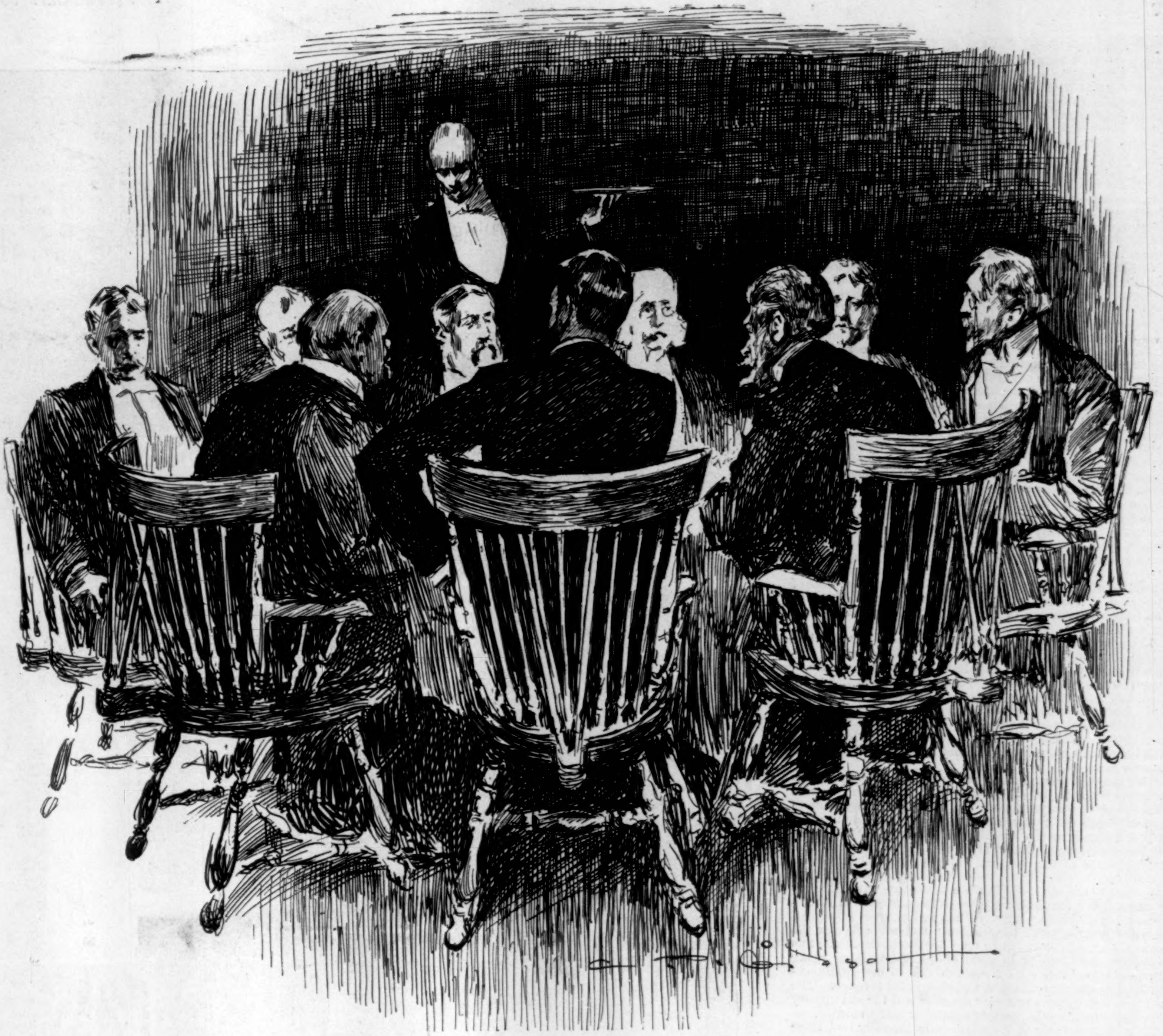
The world of letters has eminent representation in Springfield. It is and always has been the publishing home of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. The ability of the products of its teeming printing-presses is promptly recognized in the conduct of its morning journal, the Springfield *Republican*, with a wide and well-earned reputation for carefully trained journalistic characteristics and for marked intelligence in its every-day treatment of the world's daily doings; in the evening issue of the *Union*, notable for its industry in a conscientious and loyal application of means to ends in its well-cultivated field of usefulness; in the *News*, for the earnestness with which it labors for the interests of its constituency of toiling humanity; in *Good House-keeping*, successfully representing household journalism of the higher type, by clinging closely to its originally announced platform, "In the Interests of the Higher Life of the Household"; in *The Paper World*, reflecting trade journalism in accordance with its motto of "A Special Journal of Information, Discussion, and Recital as to Paper"; in the field of agriculture by the *New England Homestead* and the *Farm and Home*, of wide circulation and high rank in their specialties; its social arena in the Springfield *Homestead;* while lighter-vein readers have creditable portraiture in the *Graphic*, and Catholicism has efficient local support in the Springfield *Tribune*.

Springfield also takes high rank in insurance circles, the Massachusetts Mutual Life-insurance Company having assets of over $10,000,000, the Springfield Fire and Marine Company, a cash capital of $1,500,000. Both of these institutions have fine buildings of their own.

The final summing up of the business and beauty of Springfield may well be left to comment on its commercial, industrial, and financial exhibit. The wholesale trade, from compilation made July 1, 1890, is found to amount to nearly $12,000,000, with a retail record of about the same amount; while the industrial output amounts to some $10,000,000, its real-estate transactions rounding out a similar sum. The yearly consumption of coal is over 120,000 tons. It has a banking capital, held by its nine national banks and a safe deposit and trust company, of $3,300,000; one prosperous co-operative bank; and its Clearing-house balances amounted in 1889 to more than $61,000,000. It has twenty-five miles of street-railway track; ninety-five miles of mains and distributing pipes, carrying its ample supply of Ludlow water to all parts of the city; fifty-four miles of sewer service; eighty miles of electric street wire, and an equal amount of underground wire service, lighting the streets and buildings by electricity and furnishing power to small manufacturers, in addition to forty-two miles of main gas-pipe service, and some 150,000 gas burners. The Holly system of house and office heating has five miles of street pipe, 340 consumers of its steam heat, 12,000,000 cubic feet of space being heated by the system; the turning of a valve cock, and the fire is kindled; no coal, no dust, no ashes, no kindling wood, and no profanity because "the fire don't burn."

Here, then, is a recital of some local researches among the mists that gather around the past, supplemented by a more in detail catalogue of a city's inner self and present surroundings, together affording abundant assurance that the future of Springfield, the seventh city of the Union in the list of increased population in the last ten years, will not be found lagging in the race for the world's history place and preferment in years to come; that she may safely submit to be weighed in the balance of competitive worldly strife and conquest without being found wanting, and ever be expected to keep not only well up with the procession of event and circumstance, but a little ahead in the neck-and-neck race on the home-stretch to the goal of attainment and perfection—that goal to be

> "A city of homes, famed alike for its beauty,
> Its industry, probity, worth,
> Where loyalty bides, and remembrances tender
> Come back from all parts of the earth.
> To this city of homes, where gathering glories
> Fond memory recalls and reveres
> With tenderest thought, a prayer and a blessing—
> Where loyalty ripens with years."



METROPOLITAN CLUB, WASHINGTON—DIPLOMAT TABLE.—DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

THE CLUBS OF WASHINGTON AND BALTIMORE.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

THE CLUBS OF WASHINGTON.

THE clubs of a capital should be the most interesting in the country. At least the visitor from the moon, having only a general knowledge of the earth and its inhabitants, would expect to find them so. There are clubs in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, in Edinburgh and Dublin, but who that has not eaten and drunk of their hospitalities knows of them? Whereas hundreds of Americans who have not crossed the salt-water can number and catalogue the great clubs of Pall Mall, and can narrate the story of the origin and development of White's, Brookes's, the Reform, the Carlton, the Universities, the Army and Navy, the Athenæum, and their fellows. We do not know the names of the clubs where the wine-merchants of Bordeaux and the silk-makers of Lyons entertain their visitors, but we have all heard of the famous Jockey Club of Paris.

Are the clubs of Washington, then, the famous institutions of the United States? Not at all. Because Washington itself is not comparable to the great European cities around which struggling peoples have combined into nations. At least this is true of the Washington of the past and of history. It is singular in being younger than the nation whose seat of power and whose creature it is. It was obliged, therefore, to grow up to its position, and it was many years in doing it, for it had neither commerce to attract the busy and best life of the country, nor beauty to beguile those who had money enough to be idlers. It is unnecessary to add much to the stories that have been told already of the ugly, muddy, straggling village, with its provincial hotels and its population of politicians and negroes. Dickens and Bacon have done their best, or their worst, and we are not lacking in American lampoons on the derided city.

All this is changed, however, and Washington is now in some respects the most charming and beautiful place in the country. It is a centre of the kind of society which has recently become an important feature of our life. It is the most popular of the winter resorts of the men and women who in summer toil and dig for pleasure on the rocks of Newport and the hills of Bar Harbor. So its great club, the one club that is founded on the social principle, following the changes and keeping pace with the growth of its habitat, as all clubs are in the habit of doing, is one of the most distinguished and interesting organizations of the country.

To catalogue the clubs of Washington would involve one in a wearying labor for which there could be no proper recompense. There would be a dreary list of names, nearly as long as might be made of the ephemeral institutions of the metropolis which are occasionally mentioned in the local columns of the newspapers, and which bear such ingenious titles as, "Gentlemen's Sons," "The Coterie," "The Rough and Ready," etc., etc., etc. For clubs, as I have had occasion to mention, are as broad as human fellowship. The tinker who wants his pot of beer prefers to take it in the companionship of some one whom he may not like especially, but to whom he is accustomed. Every genial man has his haunts, unless he has not outgrown the barbarism of absolute and wearying domesticity and where two or three or more habitually gather together for comradeship, there is the club.

The "Old Washingtonian," that fast-disappearing relic of a crude, genial, hospitable, proud, and indolent time, will tell you of clubs whose glories increase as their memories recede down the aisles of time. To ask some of the elder generations for their recollections is to offer the worthy gentlemen a pleasant and exciting afternoon's dispute. Even the names of the clubs have faded out, and there is a difference of opinion as to the title of the most famous of the ante-bellum organizations. But they were famous clubs in their day and generation, typical of a life about them, a life that still exists, haunting the corridors of hotels and the dingy old parts of the town, which are daily becoming shabbier as the newer quarter grows in splendor and importance.

We know those old clubs as we know the life of the place. In the long, straggling village, which had been started at two ends a mile apart, there were Gadsby's hotel and Boulanger's restaurant; there were other hotels, all of them now fallen into the sad decay which waits upon old buildings that come in time to find that the thoroughfare or social centre in which they stand has become, by arbitrary decree or other cause, a mere byway, or out of fashion. There are great double brick dwellings on the streets and avenues near the Capitol which were once the homes of famous statesmen. But this was before society became omnipotent, and before office-begging in the chambers of the executive offices of the government became the principal business of public men. Now these old homes of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and Chase are boarding-houses, and not being in the fashionable quarter of the town, they are not sought after by fashionable people. While many of the old native families and some of the best known of the public men dwelt near the Capitol, others lived far off in Georgetown, on whose beautiful heights, still crowned by some of the noblest mansions of the District, were the abodes of the foreign ministers. Across the present fashionable promenade, on which stands the English Legation house, ran a brook whose banks were marshy, and through whose mud the diplomatic corps were forced to flounder on their way to transact business with the President or the Secretary of State.

It was a rough baby town, entirely unworthy of being the capital of the nation, even as the nation was in the young and callow days of the early century. The clubs of the time were as informal as most of the society. And when Washington's early days are spoken of, we must remember that they endured to the war, when a mighty change was wrought by the clash of arms between the sections. During all that time the South was dominant. The rich slave-holding population and the powerful, autocratic Southern politicians ruled the social world from the White House to the Capitol. There were a few Northern men, especially from New England, who kept together, and who were occasionally visited by pilgrims from their far-off homes; but if the public men and visitors from New England enjoyed themselves, it was in the society of Southerners. Even Philip Hone, the stout friend and champion of Webster, who made almost an annual journey to Washington in order to sit at the feet of the great Whig leader, to listen to his wisdom in the Senate or the Supreme Court, found much of his pleasure with the men who set the fashion of the day and place. At his visit in 1831 he describes a supper to which he was bidden after he had prepared for bed. It was at Boulanger's, the famous restaurant of the period, and the company consisted of Southerners. There were Mr. Clay, Mr. Crittenden, General Scott, Colonel Dawson of Virginia, Lee of Maryland, General Waddy Thompson, Mr. Botts of Virginia, and one or two more. There were a supper of game and wines and whist that lasted many hours.

The clubs that were founded during this long period when the South reigned were scattered here and there about the city. There was one on Tenth Street, where stood Ford's Theatre, the scene of Mr. Lincoln's assassination. This was a late-comer. Before that most of the clubs had been content with rooms, where the members met at stated intervals, and where drink was plenty and play was high. Before the war, and when the Washington newspaper writer was a man of deep philosophy, there was a club of correspondents who entertained the notabilities of journalism and literature who visited the capital. There was a good deal that was ponderous in the political talk of that old day, as well as a good deal that was fierce and exciting. There were wit, too, and anecdotes of a kind that still spice the atmosphere of many a committee-room. But high and important conversation on mighty topics, coming to nothing, but opening many a bottle of champagne and refilling many a whiskey glass, was even more the fashion in the fifties than to-day. The habit of thinking with pursed lips lingers yet in the corridors of the Capitol and the vestibule of Willard's.

Famous among the old clubs, most famous of all, was *The Union*, in whose list of members are to be found the names of men famous in the society of Washington when it was a slave city. It is a curious social phenomenon that when the feeling against abolitionists was the bitterest that human nature knows, one of the founders and governors of the club should have been Peter Augustus Jay, one of the most consistent of abolitionists, for he freed all the negroes that came to him from his marriage with Miss Carlisle. But Mr. Jay was a social magnate from New York, a gentleman whose manners were up to the standard set by the Southern autocrats. His daily walk and conversation as a private citizen, not his political principles, made him *persona grata*. Among the first governors of the club was Rear-Admiral Charles H. Steedman, then a young officer of the navy, now a member of the Metropolitan Club. There were the Lees of Maryland, and nearly all the well-known names of native and transient residents of the city, of the old families and the statesmen.

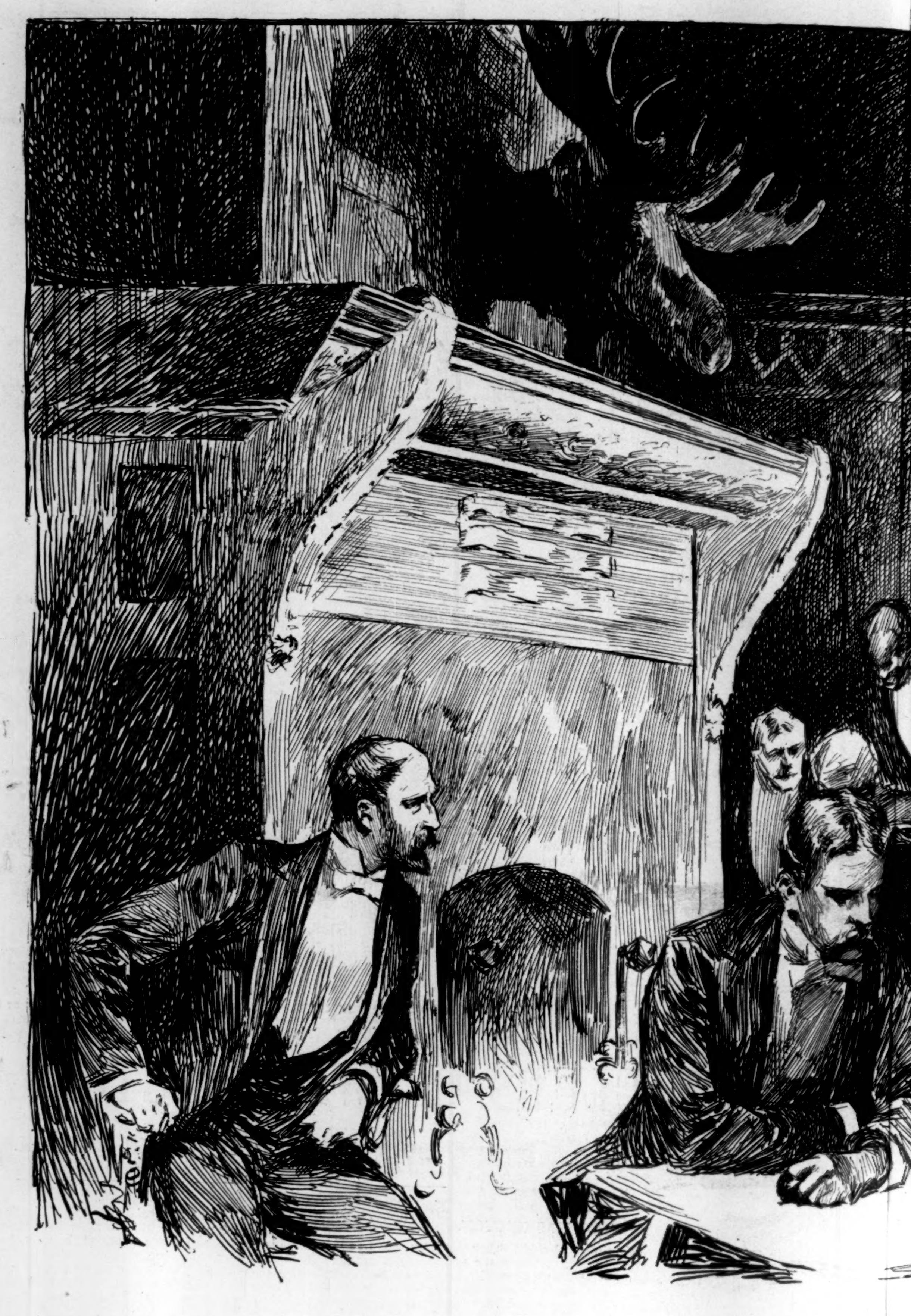
The club moved from one house to another. At one time it occupied the Gouverneur Mansion on G Street, where Jefferson Davis used to live. Its last abode was the house in which Mr. Seward was nearly murdered, which has since furnished quarters for the Commissary-General of the Army, and which is now the home of Secretary Blaine. Wormley was the steward, and it was here that he learned the art of catering to fastidious tastes that afterward made him the rich hotel-keeper, the famous friend of Samuel Hooper and Charles Sumner.

This old club-house looked out over Lafayette Square before that beautiful bit of greenery was filled with the trees that the great Downing planted. On the street opposite to that on which the club was situated was a brick house. It is now occupied by Mr. Washington MacLean. Then it was the home of General Daniel E. Sickles. Philip Barton Key was a member of the club, and old members still remember that he used to stand in the window and signal to the Sickles house across the square. The two houses are invisible now to one another for the thick foliage in summer and the interlacing branches in winter. When he had given his signal, he would peer through opera-glasses, and when he saw the answer, he would start out to meet his inamorata. All this happened one morning in sight of Sickles, walking along Pennsylvania Avenue on the south side of the square, enraged by an anonymous letter, and hungry for revenge. The two men met under a tree near the club, and the sad tragedy occurred which set the country agape for many months.

How characteristic of Washington in its elder and more careless day is the breaking up of that old club! There are men still living who recall it, and others still who took part in it, so it is best to name no names. There was a mixed variety in the club's membership, for in those days at the capital a man famous as a public man or a story-teller was clubbable, and therein the organization suffered. A lot of careless, merry dogs, who thought as lightly of their pecuniary obligations as the Irish heroes of Lever's fiction, made the club ring with their jests, and emptied its cellar and larder of many a bottle and duck. They brought with them their boon companions, for the club rules concerning the admission of strangers were not very strict, and they paid for nothing. They turned the conservative element out of the Board of Governors, and made Wormley resign his stewardship. But they treated his successor very ill, and once that poor man said to a displaced conservative:

“If it wasn't for the money that you, sir, and Mr. ——, Mr. ——, and Mr. —— pay me for your dinners, I'd have nothing to go to market with, sir.”

The head and front of the offenders, a Southern gentleman of great social and political connections, was at last expelled, his bill having mounted dangerously near to $1000. But this made no difference with the genial soul. Within a week he marched into the club bearing in his company, among other lights, the celebrated Mike Walsh, of New York; and these roisterers had all the fine champagne they could drink. The club could not stand these enormous drains upon it, and so it died of unthrifty generosity.



BALTIMORE CLUB—“AFTER THE G

And now we come to sadder days in both the social and political life of the capital. The war came, and the complexion of Washington was changed; the war went, and the complexion of Washington was still more changed. During the war there was founded the Metropolitan Club, on whose foundation the present organization was builded. But as that still flourishes, one of the greatest and in some respects the most interesting club of the country, we shall pass it by for the moment.

Through the war Washington was full of soldiers from the front, contractors, and politicians. The old Southern society was buried out of sight. Most of it was disloyal, and men went to fight for the States whence they came, while all who remained hid themselves from the invading “vandals.” After the war its scum floated on the surface. The hotels were filled with a champagne-guzzling gang, the streets with noisy ostentation, everywhere vulgarity. The good fellows whom one met in those days were not like the careless good fellows of the years before the war, who drank champagne at the expense of other people, thoughtlessly, and with kindly feelings for their benefactors. The new-comers had a hard and selfish glint in their eyes even in moments of what appeared to be hilarious intoxication. They were the men who formed the District ring, and who robbed the poor black depositors in the Freedman's Savings-bank.

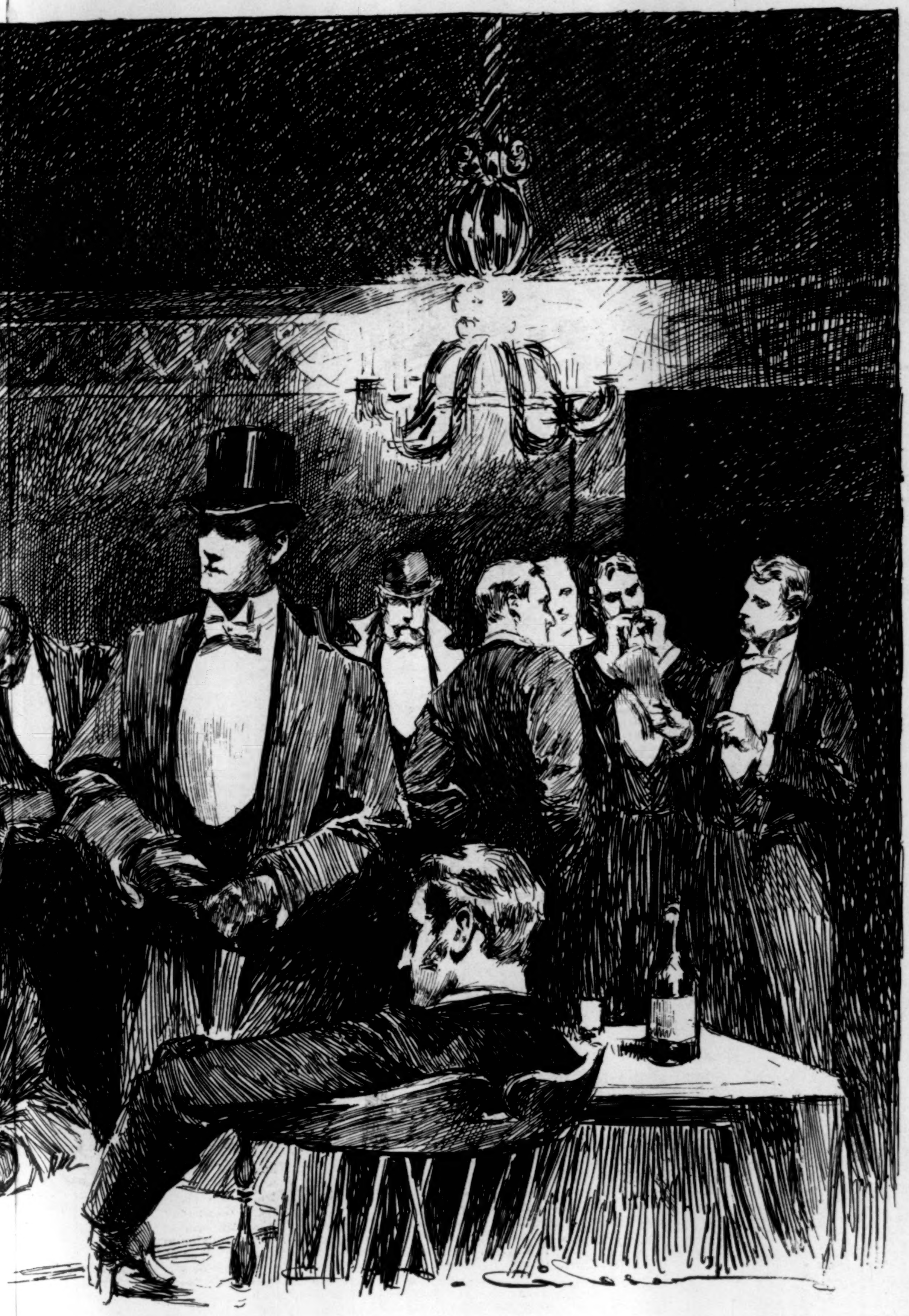
With these came the glittering accessories of gambling. The old Southerner used to love his cards, and he would play away his money, his plantation, and his negroes—all but his old “mammy”—like a gentleman. His faro-banks were humble affairs, and he dearly loved a quiet game in the card-room of his club, or the house of his friend, who was invariably a “distinguished and hon'able gen'l'man.” But the new horde introduced the splendor and luxury of the North—of Saratoga and Broadway. A fine old house, once the home of the English Legation, now the residence of the widow of the founder of the Signal Service, became a fashionable gambling-house, with its elegant suppers and other allurements to the dissolute and the inexperienced. It had its brief day, for the state of things which gave it birth did not endure.

The Washington Club, which occupied the building now owned and used by the Young Men's Christian Association, in New York Avenue, was one of the outcomes of a time when money was made rapidly and spent extravagantly. It was called a club, but it was no more a club when “Boss” Shepherd, Hallet Kilbourn, Clephane, and John O. Evans were at its head than it was when John Chamberlin took it and turned it into a restaurant. Indeed, Chamberlin was always the manager of the institution.

Through all this time the Metropolitan Club was growing. The register of visitors in the possession of the present club dates back to 1863. Many famous names are inscribed on its pages. Looking over them, we find that Baron Gerolt introduced Charles Sumner to its hospitalities, and that afterward Mr. Sumner was sponsor for many a foreign minister. There are names of famous soldiers who have come up from the front to visit Washington. Among them all one lingers longest over an entry which recites that W. T. Sherman, who is just from “camp,” is introduced to the club by John Sherman. There is a pathetic break in the list of names in the spring of 1865, for the announcement of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln and the attempt on the life of Secretary Seward. There are names of politicians and lawyers who have come to proffer advice to the administration, or to attend to their professional engagements. There are names of men then young, like William B. Allison and William M. Evarts, who have since grown old and famous in the public service. The Metropolitan Club lived its time, and became moribund. It was reorganized as a whist club, and had its head-quarters on the corner of Fifteenth and H streets, where the new building of the Columbian College is. It was a close corporation, and the original members reserved to themselves the right of choosing or rejecting applicants for admission. Finally, in 1872, some of the younger men of the city were admitted to the club, and they determined to make a real club. They were incorporated as “The Metropolitan Club of the City of Washington” in 1882, which is the organization of to-day.

In the mean time social conditions at the capital had been changing. Whatever may have been the character of the old ring, it had made the city beautiful. It had become the true capital, and its climate and attractions made it a real social centre. The people who sought their summer pleasures at the great watering-places of the North, began to make Washington their winter resort. In the place of the old Southern society of the antebellum days, and of the feverish speculators who camped in the hotels immediately after the war, there came in a national society, until now no city so fully represents the life of the country as its seat of government.

One may find in Washington the church sociable of New England and Western towns and villages, and the larger and freer movement of the great cities of the Atlantic seaboard. There is



HE GERMAN."—DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

no commerce in Washington, hardly any trade; society and politics constitute the sole interests of the city. After four o'clock in the afternoon it is a place of leisure—of teas, dinners, receptions, and balls.

From this society the Metropolitan Club has drawn its sustenance. It has grown as Washington has grown, and in the same direction. With the exception of the large body of scientists who are connected with government work, and who have a club of their own, the interesting men of the capital are to be found in the Metropolitan—the members of the cabinet, the clubbable members of Congress, the leading civil and military officers of the government, the foreign ministers, the men about town who are native Washingtonians, or who spend their winters within its gay and attractive precincts. It is of this club that the distinguished and interesting visitors to the capital are the guests. Its house is one of the most beautiful club-houses of the country. It is a building adapted to the warm and charming climate, with its winter-garden, which in summer becomes a spacious and cool loggia. Its cuisine is admirable, and where can a cuisine be better than near the market into which the delicious products of the Chesapeake and its shores are poured? The Metropolitan is the one club of Washington, as clubs are understood in New York and London, and such a club was impossible until within less than a score of years.

There are other clubs, excellent in their way, but they are not general clubs. The Jefferson Club fell before a blast similar to that which destroyed the Union, and it has been reorganized in a small way. There have been more than one Army and Navy Club, which have died, but now there is a strong and flourishing United Service Club, which boasts of more than 300 members. There are the Country Club and Dumblane, a hunter's and steeple-chaser's paradise; and there is the Meridian Club, a junior Metropolitan. And, above all, there is the charming Cosmos Club, made up of men of science and letters, whose house is full of comfort, and whose members are as interesting and instructive as their varied professions.

Washington is taking on the airs and habits of a great city, and there, as everywhere, the clubs keep pace with the life and growth of the place. Its one general and social club is a reflection of the best there is in official life mixed with that which is to be found wherever wealth gives leisure. Its other clubs satisfy the desires of its many clever men who are engaged in special and professional pursuits.

Whether the new Washington is as pleasant as the old, let the older generation determine; it is certainly more varied and inspiring, and vastly more worthy of the nation of which it is the capital.

THE CLUBS OF BALTIMORE.

There is an odor of gastronomy arising from Baltimore something like and somewhat different from that which permeates thoughts and memories of Philadelphia. The subtle distinction between the arts of these two noble haunts of appreciative and self-respecting stomachs is felt and recognized, but it would be a difficult and an ungrateful task to set them off against one another in rivalry. In Philadelphia the basis of epicurism is the love of the individual citizen for the culinary fire. The French *chef* flourishes, but his skill and his moral and physical codes of health are sustained by the solid personal accomplishments of all good and well-bred Philadelphians. They can cook their own perch; they are capable of compounding their own ragouts; of turning their own omelets; of roasting, boiling, or baking. There is a venerable tradition of Philadelphians who for the mere love of cookery had learned to boil a potato.

We of New York, whose aristocracy have long fed upon the mysteries of the French restaurant, whose club kitchens have been for many years familiar with the white cap and apron of the French *chef*—we know what we shall find on ordinary occasions in the Philadelphia restaurant. Even those of us whose indigestions have been acquired under the direction of Irish, German, or Swedish cook-maids understand that the dishes of Paris are served in all their perfection in the neighboring city, where the Quaker Penn first taught the lessons of luxury. Some few denizens of the metropolis have been admitted to the mysteries of the Fish House and Rabbit clubs, which are unique.

The vision of the Baltimore dinner table and the Baltimore kitchen is of another kind; and when, being suddenly confronted with the problem, one recognizes that both are well-fed towns, with all that that implies, and wonders in what respect their arts differ, one naturally reverts to the essential elements of all indigenous cooking—the food and the cooks.

There are French *chefs* in Baltimore, and artistic cooks imported from the peasant cabins of the Old World. The more's the pity! But whoever thinks of the Maryland home thinks of a great kitchen presided over by a shining black face, whose authority within her realm is as supreme as that of the little pope in any *mir* of Russia. It has become the fashion to decry negro service, and the fashion is unfortunately extending even into Southern latitudes, where dwell the people who loved the individual while they enslaved his race. But the black woman cook, if she be one of first-rate rank, has the supreme virtue of the *cordon bleu;* she has an enthusiastic love for the products of her mind and fire; she has an exquisite palate, which enables her to enjoy the delicacies which she sets before her master and his guests.

Maryland is the home of the terrapin and the canvas-back, and the equally savory red-head. The Chesapeake furnishes forth fish the superiors of which are rarely to be had from the sea. Leaving out the kingfish and the striped bass of our Northern waters, and the pampano of the Gulf of Mexico, the best sea food in the world is taken from the Chesapeake. You may dote on the weak-fish and the Spanish-mackerel, but you will find them both in their perfection in Hampton Roads. And there is a fish which seems to swim nowhere else than in the Chesapeake, and which is thought by the loyal Baltimoreans to be quite the equal of Spanish-mackerel—the bay mackerel. There are no more luscious soft-shell-crabs than are to be found along these shores, and the oysters are the best in the world. There must be some quality in the mud in which grows the delicate food of the canvas-back, that enriches the infusoria that fatten the oysters of Lynn Haven Bay and other haunts of the bivalve. At any rate, you shall find no oyster along the extended line of the Atlantic shore at all comparable to him that fills the oyster-boats of Maryland and Virginia.

And these black cooks and native products are the basis of the gastronomic art of Baltimore and of the State; and one who thinks of the famous Maryland Club thinks not only of the graceful and dignified courtesy of its members and of their boundless and exquisite hospitality, but that here you may find the terrapin in its perfection, the juiciest and tenderest duck, the rail in its prime, the fattest and most genuine of reed-birds and ortolan. And though you may have the choicest of wines, you may have those elsewhere, but nowhere else except in Kentucky can you find in such perfection the distillation of the cereals of our beloved native land.

All who have read the story of their country know that Maryland was settled by country gentlemen of England. They have learned of Lord Baltimore's great manor, and have been imbued with the idea that Maryland was always the home of religious liberty. That was hardly true after the Protestants gained the ascendency, as may be learned by a most cursory glance at the old statute-books of the colony. It was very early in the history of Maryland that burdens began to be imposed upon Roman Catholic citizenship. The time had not yet come, in the early part of the seventeenth century, when the Protestants were willing to follow Roman Catholic example even in the matters of Christian charity and liberality, but still the Church lived and flourished, and to-day is the strongest communion of Baltimore. The Northern man and woman educated in the belief that society is Protestant will learn, when he goes to the Southern commercial town, that some American society is Catholic, and very dignified and polite and very hospitable are the scions of these old Catholic families.

The English gentlemen who came hither brought with them more than their religion. They brought the manners and habits of their class. They were liberal, rollicking, some of them roistering, sons of the earth. They kept open house, and loved the sports of the open air. They soon discovered the abounding wealth of the forests and streams of the new province which the king had presented to their lord and patron. With their heavy and wide-mouthed fire-arms they shot the birds of the Chesapeake. They fished in its salt-waters. They rode over the fields of Maryland after the fox. Their horses were good, and their spirits were high. Manners were primitive. An old writer intimates that the gallant, in the absence of table knives, cut his food with a falchion or a rapier. But his cloth coat was lined with plush, his belt was embroidered, and he wore lace cuffs and frills.

Macaulay, speaking of the illiteracy of the English lords of manors and of the squires of William's reign, says that it was the good fortune of a quorum of justices of the peace if one of them had learning enough to sign a *mittimus*. And the same was true of the gentry of Maryland. It was also true there, perhaps, as it was in England, that in executing a conveyance the servant signed his name as a witness, while the master made his mark. It was good stock. Notwithstanding the absence of learning, there was a good deal of intelligence, and the province throve. The intellectual accomplishment of which the Marylanders were fondest was the dialectics of law. Numerous and complicated litigations bred an acute bar, and that, in turn, bred statesmen. The lawyers of Baltimore rendered famous service in the years just preceding the Revolution, and since the formation of the Federal government about as many justices of the Supreme Court and Attorney-Generals have come from Maryland as from any other State in the Union.

It is not surprising that this free-living, quick-witted, sociable, pleasure-loving race of men should have early sought the delights of club life. The "South River Club" was, for many years, the rival of the "State in Schuylkill" for the honor of old age. It